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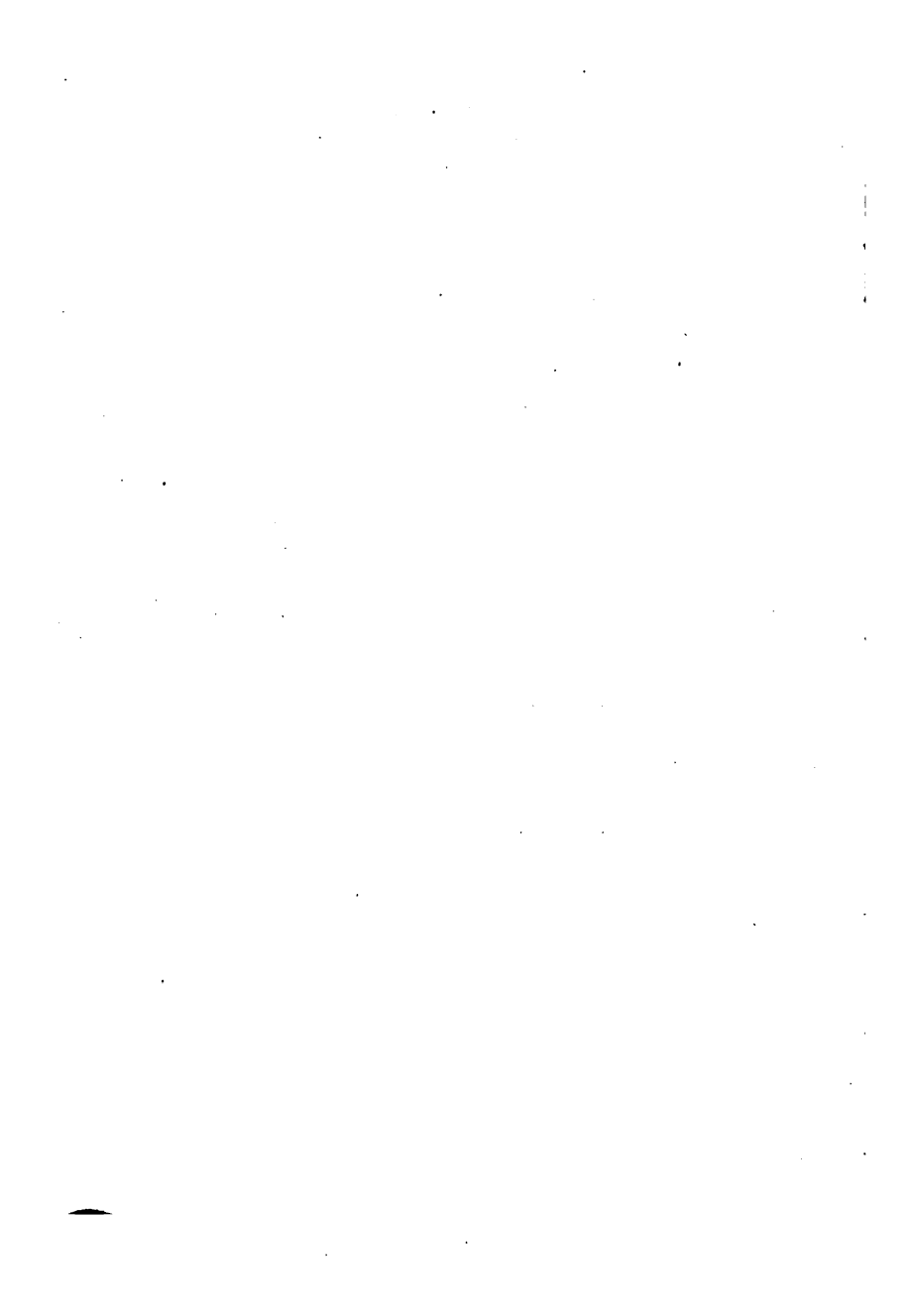
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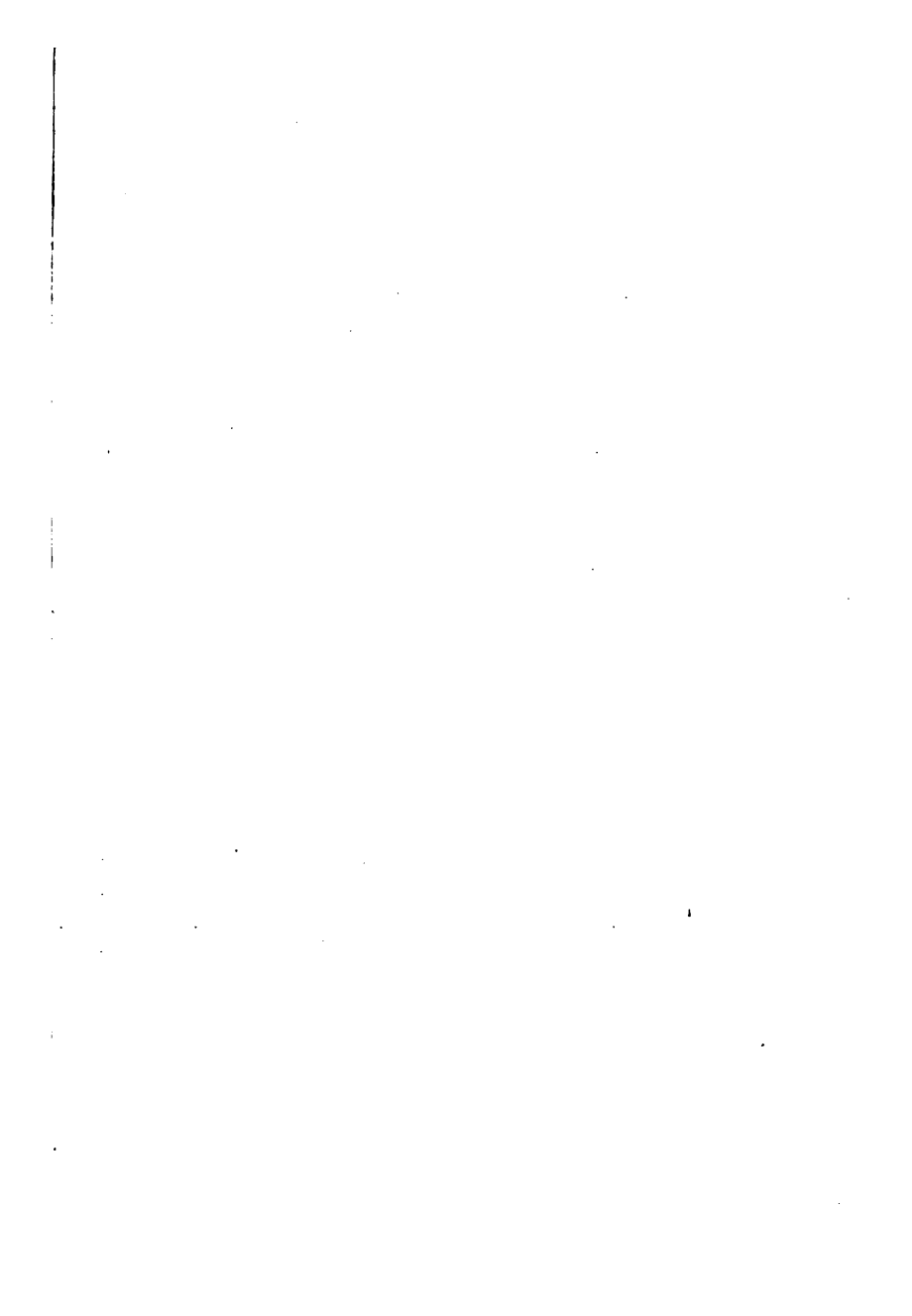


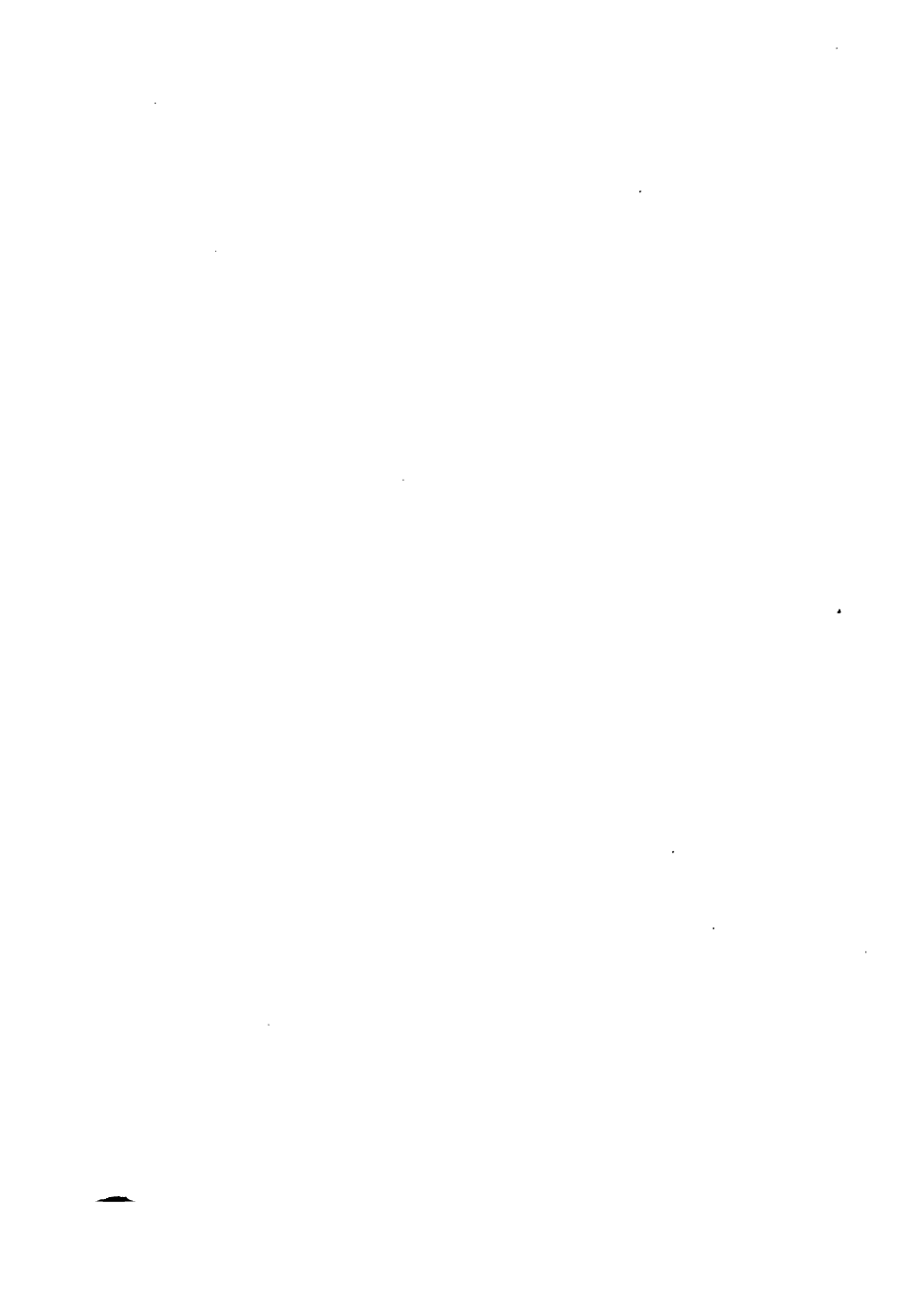
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# GUIDE RIGHT:

## ETHICS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

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## PREFACE.

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The books that we read become a part of ourselves. They not only enter into our mental make-up, but they influence our thinking to such an extent as to become part of the moral fibre of our characters. Give to the children the right kind of reading and their whole lives will be affected by it.

Children love stories. They love to read about children who think and act as they themselves might think and act; and the stories they read should give them noble and sensible views of life.

In the stories of this book, I have sought to present the principles which underlie right actions, in such plain and simple form as to be easily understood by young children. I have endeavored thus to prepare them to fight the battle with evil which they must fight, if they are to become true men and women.

This book was written, primarily, for use in the schoolroom, and is especially adapted to such use. The teachers who use the book, should do more than simply allow the children to read the

stories. Each story, after being read, should be discussed. The teacher, by careful questioning, should lead the children to see the truth taught. This will require preparation on the part of the teacher, as in the discussion of moral questions she must be sure of her ground.

Our public schools have often been condemned for doing so little toward character building. There should be no ground for such complaint. The teacher who seeks to train the bodies and minds of her pupils, without striving also to train their souls, can never know the joy she should know in her work. Soul cultivation is a work of most absorbing interest.

It is the earnest wish of the author of this book that it may be of use to her fellow-workers, in their efforts to teach the children to see the beauty of goodness and to make their own lives good and true.

EMMA L. BALLOU.

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# GUIDE RIGHT:

ETHICS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



## CHAPTER I.

### OBEDIENCE.

Did you ever think, boys and girls, what a very delightful thing it is to belong to a family? Your home is a little kingdom, your father and mother the rulers, the children the subjects. You should be true and loyal subjects, always kind and loving. Your home should be the dearest spot on earth, to you, your father and mother, brothers and sisters, the best beloved. You ought to be patient with each other. You ought to be thoughtful and tender, and by loving self-denial and cheerful service, do your part toward making your family a happy family.

Beside this, you ought to obey your parents. You ought to give them cheerful and prompt obedience. Your parents know what you ought

to do and you do not. The story which follows, tells what happened to one little boy, who disobeyed his parents.

### SAMMY'S DISOBEDIENCE.



You would have loved him if you had known him, just as everyone did. He was such a lovely little fellow that you couldn't have helped it. He was a favorite with all, teachers and pupils, from the first day that he came to school. I knew him long before he reached my room, because everyone knew Sammy. He was a good boy, gentle and docile ; he was very beautiful too ; but I think it was his bright, happy temper that drew all hearts to him.

It was while Sammy was in my room that the accident happened, as a result of his disobedience which cast a blight over his whole after life.

Not many months before, a railroad had been built through the most quiet part of the town. All the children were wild with excitement over it. The track was on a level with the street, and

there was nothing to keep the children out of danger but the constant watchfulness of parents and teachers, and the fear of the policeman, or the "officer" as the children called him.

Sammy, like all the other children, had been forbidden, again and again, to play near the railroad. If he had obeyed he would have saved himself weeks of anguish and a lifetime of regret.

It was on a bright Saturday, in the early summer, that it happened. The air fairly sparkled in the sunlight, and all the little ones of the town were enjoying their holiday to the utmost.

Sammy's father and mother were away from home that day, and the children were left in the care of an older sister. She tried to look after them faithfully, but in her worry over the house-



keeping and thought for the baby girl, she forgot the two boys, and they were soon in the street.

The railroad track was but a short distance from the house, and the children found themselves beside it. In spite of a few twinges of conscience, they greatly enjoyed their stolen

freedom and watched the swiftly moving trains with the liveliest interest. The trains stopped coming, after awhile, and a car was left standing on the track.

Now, a new temptation came to the boys, as is so apt to be the case when one temptation is yielded to. They began to be very curious about that car.

"She's a milk-car ; I know her. I say, Morris, let's go over there and see what's in her," said Sammy.

"You don't dare," said little Morris. "What would mamma say?"

"She'll never know," said Sammy, "and she wouldn't care either, if she knew how careful we would be. She is afraid we shall get hurt, that's all. I am not afraid. I guess I am big enough to take care of myself." The boys walked toward the car as they talked, Sammy leading the way.

"Mamma wouldn't care, I know she wouldn't," said Sammy again, although he knew better all the time. "There isn't a train in sight ; how can we get hurt ? I'm not afraid."

"I wonder what's in her !" said Morris as he looked the car over. "What do you suppose, Sammy?"

"You stay here," said Sammy, "and I'll just



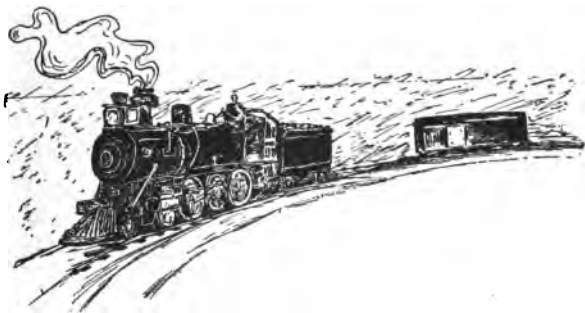
climb up and see ; ” and he soon disappeared in the car. Morris stood still a moment and then followed after.

“ Hi, Sammy ! what are you doing there ? ” called a voice from the street.

“ Just looking, ” said Sammy. “ I ’ m going to stay only a minute. It ’ s fun here ; come and see. ”

“ Aren ’ t you afraid ? ” called the voice.

“ Of course not, ” answered Sammy. “ What is there to be afraid of ? What can hurt us ? ”



There won ’ t be another train for ever so long, and we won ’ t stay more than a minute. Come on ! ” So another boy was added to the number on the milk-car, and others were soon drawn to the place.

Very soon a fine game of tag, over the steps and through the car, was being enjoyed by the

thoughtless children. They were so much interested in the game that they did not hear the train that was backing up to take the milk-car, till it was nearly upon them. When they did discover it, they rushed off in wild haste.

All succeeded in getting safely away, but Sammy. He was last, and in his fright fell beneath the car. Before he could get up the dreadful wheels rolled over the poor child's leg, crushing and tearing it, till the lower leg hung only by a shred a little way below the knee.

The poor little fellow was taken up tenderly and carried home. The doctors came and cut the leg off, a little farther up, and dressed it and made him as comfortable as they could.

Then came long weeks of suffering. It was a sad household. The hot summer wore away at last, and Sammy began to get about a little. When the fall term of school opened he was able, with the aid of crutches, to attend.

It was a sad sight to see the once bright, active boy come swinging painfully to school. He had never lost a session, nor been once late, during the four years, from the day on which he entered school to the day on which he was hurt. But now he was not always strong enough to come, and sometimes the slow-moving crutches would make him late, try as he would.

The child's face had changed, too. All the soft, baby beauty, all the dimples were gone. The gay light had faded out of the eyes. In its place was a look of weariness, that made my heart ache for him.

His playmates, too, began to neglect him. For awhile they hung about him, but they did not find in him the jolly companion they once had found, and, though they did not mean to be self-



ish, they often left him to watch the gay sports, that he could no longer join. It was hard for the boy who had always been the leader in every game. Sometimes some of the old fun would shine in his eyes, and he would laugh almost as

gaily as ever, but it was months before his face lost much of its sadness.

He is a grown man now, and, though he does not feel his loss, as he did when a child, he can never get away from the thought that his act of disobedience has darkened his whole life, that he can never be a whole man.





## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should always try to be obedient. I am too young to know what is safe and best and right to do, and my parents and teachers are given me by our Father in Heaven to teach me to do as I ought.

I should obey cheerfully and promptly.

I should do what I know my parents and my teachers wish me to do, even when special commands have not been given me.

### MOTTO :

You say you love your parents well,  
Yet I am sure that I can tell  
A story that is queer.  
Oh, very, very queer.

You sulk and frown, when parents tell  
To do what does not please you well ;  
Such love is queer, I fear,  
Oh, very, very queer.

If you would show a love that's true—  
'Tis you I mean, and you, and you—  
Obey with smiles, my dear,  
And then you'll be less queer.

## CHAPTER II.

## KINDNESS.

You all have a good many friends beside your home friends, and you ought to be kind to them and thoughtful of their happiness. Don't say hateful, spiteful things, and do disagreeable things, to those of whom you are really very fond. Don't just look out for your own pleasure, and not care whether others are happy or not.

If others show you kindness, be grateful to them, and try to show your gratitude by kind actions. If others are unkind to you, still be kind to them and forgive them.

The very best rule for kindness is this, "As ye would that others should do to you, do ye also to them."

If all the people in the world would follow this rule, it would soon be a very delightful place to live in.





I haven't a very pleasant story to tell you, and I am sorry for it. It is all about a long, beautiful afternoon that I spoiled by my unkindness to my little sister. I do not like to think of those bright hours that I darkened by an unkind act.

It was Saturday afternoon. My sister and I had helped at the housework all the forenoon. We had washed dishes, swept room, made beds, and dusted the sitting-room, for dinner, set the table, and done a hundred and one things that busy children find to do in a large family. Last, and not least, we had taken care of baby Fritz, the dearest, cutest little fellow you ever saw.

I was wiping the dinner dishes which my mother was washing, when there came a knock at the door.

I ran to open it, and schoolmate, Jessie with a nicely starched her brown head, and a hand. She came in had come to spend the sister Kate and me, knitting work.

My mother told me invite Mary Davis, a spend the afternoon back with me, and we for that was the nicest a frolic and a visit, it ant there. We carried keep company with took hers when she friends and must al- which was forty times

Wewere going mer-around each other, to the barbers hop," and saw my sister Al- ping along after us. may. Alice was only "Alice," I said, house and play with

found my friend and Platt, standing there, white sunbonnet on paper parcel in her and told me that she afternoon with my and had brought her

that I might go and little neighbor, to with us. She came started for the barn; place in the world for was so cool and pleas- our knitting work to Jessie. She always went to visit her little ways knit her "stent," around.

rily along, our arms playing "Hipyty hop when I looked around ice running and hop- I was filled with dis- five, and we were ten. "run back to the the baby."



"Oh, but I want to said. I can see her pink sunbonnet and the sunshine in was a very sober but turned to me.

"Go back," I said

"No," she  
"I am going  
Then all my  
miserable  
flamed up,  
ed and struck  
have been a  
for my fin-  
She turned  
out a word.

Sister Kate and  
"You ought to be  
self," in one breath;  
would never strike  
love to have her play

How mean and un-  
braved it out, ran on  
tried to act as gay  
did; but the sunlight  
out of the world, and  
very miserable.

go with you!" she  
now with her little  
swinging in her hand,  
her golden hair. It  
resolute face that she

harshly.

said quietly,  
with you."  
hateful,  
temper  
and I turn-  
her. It must  
hard blow,  
gerstingled.  
back with-

Mary Davis said:  
ashamed of your-  
and Jessie said, "I  
my sister Nellie, I  
with me."

happy I felt; but I  
with the girls, and  
and merry as they  
had suddenly gone  
I felt cold and very,



After we reached each other awhile ; eggs ; then we climbed the ladder to the loft and jumped off in-

What a happy time but for my unkindness. Every little in my play to hand. It me that it the blow I had. It seemed as should find a it, but there and I suppose pain in my was my conscience so.

After awhile we grew down on the hay in the door, through which that was brought from

We sat there for a enough for Jessie to We "ran races" with measuring our yarn it to see which would Jessie always came out

the barn, we swung then we hunted the ed the ladder to the to the hay in the bay. it might have been, ness to my little sis- while I would stop look at my seemed to ached from given her. though I red mark on wasn't any, there was no hand. It that made me think

tired of play, and sat loft by a great open was pitched the hay the fertile meadow. long time, long finish her "stent." our knitting work, and tying a knot in knit to the knot first. ahead. I was a slow



knitter, and every the girls could not my hard and thought not get along as fast

We told stories, Jessie told about stalk." We drew she repeated in low fum, I smell the man." All the while away as fast as ever.

I told about "Lithood," and in the of my story I falspoiled it. I do not stories.

At six o'clock tea. We rolled up into the house. tea for us—biscuit ey. I was very fond and honey, but I of them. I looked thing. She was alher high chair, look-eyes were shining

She had had a gentleman, whom we

little while, when see me, I looked at it all over, so I did as usual.

too, I remember. "Jack and the bean-closer together as tones, "Fe, fi, fo, blood of an English-she was knitting

tle Red Riding most thrilling part tered and nearly remember the other

mother called us to our work and ran Mother had a nice and butter and hon-of biscuit and butter did not once think for Alice the first ready at the table in ing very happy. Her like stars.

beautiful time. A all knew and loved

very much, had little Fritz, look-taken them into them a long, lov-seen some great some very high

After the girls a chair with our around the yard. amuse her, but I "I am sorry—should probably long ago.

Alice went to although she I fancied, with ant ending to an so sorrowfully, refreshing sleep

But I—all thro' ed I was troub-when the mem-back to me, I take back that

found her by the gate, with ing very sober. He had his carriage and given ely ride, where she had farm houses, a river, and hills.

had gone, Kate and I made arms and carried her all I did everything I could to did not once dare to say, forgive me." If I had I have forgotten this story

bed very happy that night, looked at me many times, wishful eyes. The pleas-afternoon that had begun brought her sweet and very soon.

the night when I awaken-led ; all through my life, ory of that time has come have wished that I could cruel blow.





## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should always try to treat others kindly.  
I should be specially kind to all the members of my own family.

I should be very kind to my friends.

I should be grateful to those who have been kind to me, and should show my gratitude by doing kind things to them.

I should be kind to all with whom I have anything to do, even if they are not such children as I would choose for companions.

I should be kind to the unfortunate, to the ignorant, and to those who are weaker than I am.

I should treat even the wicked kindly.

I should be kind to animals.

If I have pets I should be kind to them and take good care of them.

### MOTTO :

Like summer sunshine on a wintry day  
Is a kind word spoken or a kind deed done  
To one whose heart is sad.



### CHAPTER III.

#### PUNCTUALITY.

#### THE ANTI-BEHIND-TIME SOCIETY.

##### PART I.

The youngsters of the little village of Sleepy Hollow were wide-awake enough, whatever might have been said of their elders. As a rule, they were good boys and found vent for extra energy in directions that were harmless.

Robert Bruce was the leader in nearly all the plans for fun. I don't quite know why, for he was a quiet lad and not overstrong. Most of the boys could outrun him, outskate him, outclimb him. Perhaps his gift for getting up new games was his strong point. One thing I do know, when anything new was started, Rob Bruce was sure to be at the head of it.

One fall, the boys had an unusually dull time. This may have been partly because it was war time, and their minds were too much taken up with battles, for them to think very much of plans for fun.

But towards the close of the fall term of school

there came a change. Almost anybody could have felt it in the air. A new idea had struck Robert Bruce, and he was working it out. This time the plan took the form of a secret society. Societies of all sorts and kinds had been formed before, but this one was to be a very different affair.

Robert had it all planned out before he said anything about it, and then half a dozen of his chief chums were invited to a conference in the old barn that had served as town hall for the village boys for a score or more of years. There was much whispering, and many nods and winks were indulged in on the sly.

The boys who had not been asked to join were much disgusted, and loudly expressed their contempt for the new society. They were quickly pacified, however, by a promise that they should be asked to join in a few days.

Saturday came and brought the boys together for the first meeting. Robert mounted the barrel which served as speaker's stand, and there made the opening speech.

With a deep bow and a grand flourish he began: "Fellow Citizens—I have invited you to come here to-day, because I think it is high time we were doing something besides mope. We haven't had a bit of fun since we gathered the last butternut and stored it away, ready for some

lazy squirrel to carry home without taking the trouble to climb a tree after it."

"Say, Rob," broke in Fred Trent, "have the squirrels got all the nuts?"

"Not this year," answered Rob, "but don't interrupt again, or you'll be put out."

"Better spell able," bristled Fred. "It would take more than you to do it."

"Keep still," shouted Jack Raymond, "I want to hear Rob's speech."

"Speech! Speech!" shouted the other boys.

"Well," went on Rob, "as I was saying, we haven't had a bit of fun since we gathered nuts more than a month ago. I think it's time we started something new, and it ought to be something more than just fun. Our fathers and brothers are off down South fighting for us.

Here Rob stopped and winked very hard. His father was a chaplain in the army; Jack Raymond's oldest brother was lying sick in a hospital; each of the other boys had seen some one, whom he loved, march away to battle-fields.

Robert swallowed something in his throat and went on: I think we ought to do something in the fighting line ourselves."

Here Robert surprised the boys by suddenly leaping from the barrels into the haymow and making a somersault in the hay. He came up



straight in a minute, and went on, as calmly as if he had not interrupted himself in such an unheard-of manner.

"Now, I have noticed that while we are lively enough when any kind of fun is going on, we're rather 'Sleepy Hollow' kind of fellows about some things. We play soldiers and march, and



wave our flags and yell, but we are not much like soldiers when it comes to some other things."

"What things, I should like to know?" cried Fred Trent, fiercely. "I'm not a coward, if that is what you mean. I am not afraid of you, nor your father, nor any of the rest of the Bruces."

"Of course we must have a president," broke in Fred. I want to be president. If you will make me president I'll join ; if not, I won't, so there !"

"A pretty president you'd make," cried Jack Raymond. "I think I ought to be president because I'm the oldest and the tallest."

"I think Rob ought to be president," piped up Rob's little brother Ralph, 'cause he started it, and I will nomi-nomi—what is that big word, Rob?"—

At that they all shouted with laughter, and poor little Ralph rolled over and hid his face in the hay.

But if Ralph didn't nominate Rob, some one else did, and very soon he was made president and Fred Trent didn't leave the society either.

Jack was made secretary because he was a good writer, and Clarence was made treasurer, though there were no funds to keep. That made no difference ; Clarence was an officer, and was happy.

After a good deal of talk, the society was named the "Anti-Behind-Time Society." The badge was to be a white hen's feather colored red on one side and blue on the other, with the white quill in the center. The coloring and preparing of badges Clarence undertook to do, as he

had a big sister who was an artist, and he was sure she would help him.

Jack wrote in a blank book, which Rob had ready, the rules of the Society.

All the boys who joined had to promise to do their best never to be late at school, never to be late at the meetings of the "Anti-Behind-Time Society," and to do everything that they had to do exactly on time.

Fred Trent refused to join, at first, but when Rob proposed various plans for fun, one of which was, that the Society was to be invited, once a month during the winter, to come to the parsonage dining-room, there to eat apples, crack nuts, pop corn, and play games, he signed his name like a man.

Jack Raymond proposed a plan for helping one another to keep the rules, that was greeted with great applause. It was this—If any boy saw another one waiting when he had anything he ought to do, he was to speak one word. At that word the boy must start without hesitating a moment. The word decided upon was "Subordination." This plan was very pleasing to the small boys, who foresaw great fun in being able to command instant obedience on the part of their larger brothers.

The society proved a great success. For the

next three or four months the grown-up portion of Sleepy Hollow had little cause to complain of lack of promptness in its boys.

No one, outside of the society, knew why the magical word, "Subordination," had such a wonderful effect upon the boys, who were so afraid of having it shouted after them that they no longer dared to be "Sleepy Hollow" fellows, but were up and doing. The society did not last very long, but some of the boys, Rob and Jack among the number, got into such a habit of being prompt, that they have kept the habit till this day.





## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should always try to be punctual.

If I am not punctual, I am in danger of making myself and others a great deal of trouble.

If I am not prompt in doing what I have to do, I shall often waste my own time and the time of others.

If I put off doing what I have to do even for a few minutes, I am in danger of forgetting to do it at all.

I should try not only to come to school early and to do all my school work promptly, but I should try to do everything that I have to do at the proper time.

In this way I shall form a habit of being punctual in all things.

### MOTTO :

If you've anything to do, my dear,  
Why, do it;  
For, if duty you put off, I fear  
You'll rue it.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TRUTHFULNESS.

There are a good many reasons why you ought to tell the truth. It is brave and noble to speak the truth. It is mean and cowardly and wicked to lie. Children who tell what is not true will not be believed even when they speak the truth. You might just as well never talk at all as to talk and not be believed. If you tell lies, you will be weak and bad, and after awhile you will not know how to speak the truth.

God is a God of truth, and he loves those who speak the truth.



## PRINCE FREDERICK.

## PART I.

"Fred, Fred, get up, or you will be late to breakfast!" called Fred's father from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, sir, answered Fred, cheerfully, "I will, right away."

It was very easy for Fred to say that, for he had not the least intention of doing what he said he would. He just turned over and took another nap. Then, when the breakfast bell rang, fifteen minutes later, he jumped out of bed, rushed into his clothes, dipped the ends of his fingers into the pitcher of water, instead of using the bowl, rubbed them across his mouth a little, caught up the towel and drew it across his face, and tossed it into the corner of the room all in a bunch. Then he went down-stairs three steps at a time, and managed to be in his seat only a few minutes behind the others.



"Did you get up when I called you, Fred?" asked his father.

"Yes, father, just a little bit after," said Fred.

Fred's mother was busy pouring coffee and attending to his little brother, and did not notice him for some time, except to say the usual "Good morning."

When she found time to look at him, she said gravely, "I am afraid Prince Frederick forgot to wash his face this morning."

"Oh, no, mamma," said Fred, "I didn't forget it."

His mother said nothing more, but thought he did not look as fresh and bright as he ought.

They had fish for breakfast, which reminded Fred of his fishing excursion of the day before, and he said, eagerly—

"Oh, papa, I went up the river yesterday and I caught some splendid fish. They were whoppers. Once I felt a bite, and I pulled a fellow in that was so big I could hardly manage him."

"Are those the ones I saw in the yard?" asked his father with a queer little smile.

Fred blushed a little, and said, faintly—

"Yes, sir; but I lost the biggest one overboard."

"Oh, you did!" said his father, with the same queer smile.



Fred felt a little uncomfortable. He asked to be excused and went into the yard.

"I fear Fred is getting into the habit of being not quite truthful," said his father.

"Oh, no, I think not," returned his mother. "I don't think he ever means to tell what is not true. I am sure he is truthful at heart. He is too brave and manly a boy to have that fault."

Frederick Prince, or "Prince Frederick," as his friends had been fond of calling him ever since he had been a little fellow in dresses, was, as his mother thought, a manly boy. But, though his mother did not see it, he had gotten into the habit of stretching the truth till it quite snapped in two, or so squeezing it up that it could scarcely be seen, or of twisting or turning it till no one would have known it. He might just as well have had the habit of lying outright.

This morning, as I said, he did feel a little uncomfortable. He didn't like the smile on his father's face. When he examined the fish in the yard they seemed a great deal smaller than he had thought they were. He made up his mind to be more careful about telling "big stories." He didn't call them lies.

Just then his cousin Linn called to him: "Going to school, Fred?"

"Yes," answered Fred, "wait till I get my books."

Pretty soon the cousins were on their way to school.

"There," exclaimed Linn, suddenly, "I've left my pencil at home. I must go back for it or I'll get a mark."

"You will be late if you do," said Fred, "and that will be worse than going without your pencil."

Fred knew very well that there was plenty of time, but he wanted his cousin's company, and did not care to go back with him.

"Nonsense," said Linn, "there's lots of time, and you know it, too. I'm going back."

Fred was a good scholar, for he learned easily and was fond of study, so he was seldom tempted to be dishonest about his lessons. But that day was Friday and review day. The spelling lesson was long and hard. There was one word that he was not quite sure that he knew. He had not missed one word during the term, and he felt as if he could not break his record now.

With one eye on his teacher, he leaned over and looked at the slate of the boy in front of him, then corrected the word on his own slate. He did not enjoy the perfect mark that he received very much. He began to feel, not only uncomfortable, but very mean.

## PART II.

Still it was not long before Fred was tempted to tell an untruth, and again he yielded to the temptation.

"Are you going fishing to-morrow, Jack?" he whispered to the friend who sat next to him.

Jack shook his head but said nothing.

The teacher saw the shake of the head, and knew it was the answer to a question, so she looked at Fred inquiringly.

"I only asked Jack where the grammar lesson for Monday is to be," said Fred.

A bad boy, sitting near, laughed a disagreeable laugh, and Fred felt as if he were getting rather nearer to the boy's level than he cared to be.

School closed at last, and the boys rushed away, eager for the afternoon's sport.

The boy who had laughed at Fred's lie called out to him as he passed: "Are you going fishing tomorrow? I know a splendid place."

"No," answered Fred, crossly. As he fully intended to go, he added under his breath, "At least, not with you."

When Fred got home, he went into the dining-room. In a fruit dish on the sideboard were a number of beautiful peaches. Without thinking of doing any harm, he took one of them, and went to the yard and ate it.

"Fred," called his mother, "did you take one of the peaches from the sideboard? Aunt Mary sent them over, and there were just enough for dinner, besides one, that I had saved to send to little Annie. They were from Aunt Mary's garden and these are the first the tree has borne. She had just enough for one apiece all around."

Fred could easily enough have told the truth. It would have been all right if he had said that he had eaten one, and would go without at dinner. But lying was getting to be a habit with him, and almost before he thought, he said : "No, Mamma, I haven't touched them."

It was the first time he had told an out-and-out lie to his mother, and if she had looked in his face she would have known the truth ; but she trusted him and said gravely : "I am afraid the grocer's boy took it, and I am sorry to think so, he is such an honest looking little fellow. I can't send one to Annie now."

Fred wished he could take it back. He didn't care for the peach, and he didn't like to think of the grocer's boy being blamed for his fault.

When the peaches were passed at dinner he wished he could refuse his and ask his mother to send it to Annie ; but he was afraid she would suspect him if he did. Again he left the table

as soon as possible. He didn't feel much like seeing anyone, so he went to bed.

The next morning Fred woke bright and early. It was Saturday, and he was eager for the boat, the river, and the fishing. He was ready for breakfast and in his place in good time. He had forgotten, for the time, the many disagreeable things of the day before, and was bright and happy.

Breakfast was soon over, and the two boys, with lunches and fishing tackle, started off in high glee.

"If you catch a whopper to-day, be sure to bring it home," called Fred's father, as they were preparing to get into the boat.

"What did uncle mean?" asked Linn, curiously.

"Oh, not much of anything," said Fred.

The boys rowed up the river till they reached a lovely, quiet spot with deep woods on either side.

The hours passed swiftly, for they enjoyed themselves as only boys can—fishing, roaming about in the woods, chasing squirrels, and swinging on the branches of trees.

In the afternoon Linn remembered that he promised to do an errand for his mother before

he returned home. "I must go up to Aunt Mary's with this note," he said, "and I must start right away, so as to be back in time."

"Oh bother, Linn, don't go," grumbled Fred.

"I must," returned Linn, "I promised mamma."

"Tell her you forgot it," said Fred.

"How could I? I haven't forgotten it," returned Linn, with such an indignant look, that Fred felt his face grow hot with shame.

"Well, if you must go, hurry, and I'll wait for you," said Fred.

"All right," shouted Linn, who was already well on his way.

Fred gathered leaves and with them made a very comfortable lounging place in his boat; then with a book which he had with him in his hand, stretched himself upon it and settled down to enjoy himself till his cousin should return.

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### PART III.

Fred had not been reading long, when he was startled by a sound in the tree above him, and looking up he saw a strange little object swinging down from the branch of the tree into his boat. The little creature was so small that it looked as though it would almost have no weight



PRINCE FREDERICK'S DREAM.

at all, yet it seemed to swing down as easily as Fred could. It perched itself on the bow of the boat and looked at Fred. Fred was so astonished that he could not speak for awhile. At last he stammered out : " Who are you and what do you want ? "

The creature took off his hat, made a low bow, and in a shrill little voice piped out, " Don't you know me ? I'm the Master of Ceremonies. The rest will be along pretty soon, and I'm sure you'll know them. "

" Of course he'll know us, " cried another little creature, as it swung itself down into the boat and perched at the right hand of the Master of Ceremonies. " Of course he'll know us, for he made every one of us. "

" Made me out of whole cloth, too, " added a third, who took his place at the left of the Master of Ceremonies.

Fred sat up straight and stared ; he felt queerer than he had before.

After this, two birds flew into the boat, one from one bank and one from the other, and stationed themselves on the edge of the boat next to the little men.

One looked, to Fred, to be snow white and the other a little gray.

" He thinks I'm white, " chirped the first, with



a little laugh, "but he'll find out that I'm not so white before he gets through looking at me."

"Yes, and he thinks I'm light gray, but I may look nearly black to him before long," chirped the second bird.

The little creatures and the birds kept coming, each making some remark as it settled itself on the edge of the boat, till there were eight beside the Master of Ceremonies.

Next to Fred, and a good deal nearer than he liked, were two very large and very black birds that leered at him and winked at each other in a way that annoyed him very much.

Last of all, with a great splattering, a fish leaped from the river over the edge of the boat and stood straight up in a most astonishing way, right in front of Fred. It was a very strange kind of fish, he thought, for sometimes when he looked at it, it seemed very large, like a giant fish, and again it seemed no larger than the fish he had caught that day.

When they had settled themselves comfortably in the boat, they all kept perfectly still and stared at Fred, till he couldn't stand it any longer, and he called out: "Who are you, anyway, and what do you want?"

At that, the little birds threw back their little heads, and opened their little bills, and the little

men threw up their little black hats—for they were all dressed in black except the Master of Ceremonies—and they all laughed uproariously.

Then one of the little men gasped between his shouts of laughter, "And he doesn't know us, after all."

Another added, "After making every one of us," and the birds chirped all together, "And we've just come home to roost."

At that, the Master of Ceremonies—who was dressed in a splendid suit of scarlet velvet, covered with gold spangles—raised his long golden wand, and they were all perfectly silent in a flash.

"You can see ! you can see !" cried he. "You thought you could get along without me, but you can't even begin. Let me present you."

"Most High and August Prince Frederick"—he got no further, for every one of the funny little men and the strange little birds interrupted him by shouting at the tops of their little voices: "Oh, no ; oh, no ; none of that ; not Prince Frederick ! Prince Liar ; Prince Liar, if you please !"

Fred felt his face flush, but he dared not say anything.

"Very well," said the Master, "he may not be quite so well pleased with the name, but it suits him better."

Most High and August Prince Liar, allow me to present to you your loyal subjects. These are the lies you told yesterday. Make your manners now, make your manners," he commanded, turning to the funny little men and the strange little birds. And all the funny little men raised their funny little black hats, and, together with the strange little birds, bowed very low to Fred and shouted, "Long live Prince Liar!" There was a pause after that, and all stared at Fred as if they expected him to say something. But Fred couldn't move a hand even, he was so frightened.

Then the Master of Ceremonies waved his wand towards one of the white birds and said, "Stand forth, First Lie," and the bird hopped down from the edge of the boat and stood facing Fred.

"This is the first lie you told yesterday morning."

"Yes, yes," chirped the bird, "my name is 'Yes-Sir-right-away;' you knew you didn't mean it when you said it."

"Be silent," commanded the Master, "you may retire." The bird hopped back to the edge of the boat, and Fred noticed that its white plumage began to look tarnished.

"Stand forth, Second Lie," cried the Master,

with a wave of his wand, and the gray bird hopped down, facing Fred.

"The name of this lie is, 'Yes-Father-just-a-little-bit-after,'" and the gray bird bowed to Fred, and hopped back to his place, looking almost black.

"This is, 'I-didn't-forget-to-wash-my-face,'" said the Master of Ceremonies, as one of the funny little men stepped down before Fred. "Clean, isn't it?" cried the little man, as he turned his face toward Fred.

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#### PART IV.

The Master of Ceremonies went on till he had presented every one of the funny little men and the strange little birds. Some way, as the ceremony of presentation went on, all the little faces grew very sober, the clothes grew blacker, and the birds darker.

When the lie of the misspelled word was presented not one word was spoken, but one of the queer little creatures brought out, from somewhere, a slate with the corrected word written on it, and held it up for Fred to see.

One of the large and very black birds that stood so uncomfortably close to Fred was the lie about the question he had asked his friend, and the other was the lie he had told his mother about the peach.

When all the others had been presented, the Master of Ceremonies waved his wand toward the fish that stood in the middle of the boat and said, with a flourish, "This is only a fish story."

"Yes," interrupted the fish with an ugly leer, and in a loud whisper, "but I'm a 'whopper.' I'm the 'whopper' you lost overboard, yesterday, ha ! ha !"

Then all the strange creatures stood still and stared at Fred till he felt almost frantic. He wished he could get away ; but he couldn't move. He wished with all his heart, that they would leave, but they didn't move.

Finally, with a terrible effort, he cried : "If you will only go away, I'll never tell another lie in my life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when down from the branch above him swung another little man who gravely remarked, "I'm the lie you just told. You don't mean that. You only want to get rid of your company. You should have thought of that before you made us."

Then, all together, they shouted, "Long live Prince Liar ! Long live Prince Liar ! He will never tell another lie ! Oh no ; he will never tell another lie, ha ! ha !"

"But," cried the Master of Ceremonies, with a splendid flourish of his golden wand, "we might all—"

"Wake up! wake up!" shouted a voice in Fred's ear; and, while he was wondering what would happen next, Linn pulled him by the arm, and cried, "Will you never wake up!"

Fred sat up and rubbed his eyes and said, "Are they really all gone?"

"Are who gone? What are you talking about?" cried Linn.

"I don't know," answered Fred, and he looked rather foolish.

The boys soon started for home. Fred was very silent and rowed very fast, but he thought of a great many things.

The next day he had a long, quiet, Sunday talk with his mother. He told her all about the lies he had told and all about his strange visitors in the woods. Grieved as she was at this sad story of wrong doing, she was comforted by seeing how in earnest he was in his wish to be cured of his fault.

At last she said to him, "If you really mean to change, to be Prince Frederick and not Prince Liar, mean to do your best to grow up to be a truthful, honorable man, you can do it. But you will have to fight for it. And to help you to start right, there is one hard thing that you must do to-morrow. You must tell your teacher

about the spelling lesson and about what you said to Jack."



"Oh, mother," cried Fred in dismay, "I can't do that."

"I think you can, and will, if you are in earnest," said his mother, and she left him to decide for himself.

The next day Fred did tell his teacher all about it, and from that time he grew to be more and more truthful till every one who knew him came to have the most perfect confidence in his truth and honor.



## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should always try to be perfectly truthful.

If I am not truthful, I shall not be believed even when I speak the truth.

If I tell lies I shall be in danger of making myself and others much trouble.

If I get into the habit of lying, my moral nature will grow to be weak and bad.

I should never speak words that are true in such a way as to make others believe what is not true.

I should never act a lie.

I should try not to exaggerate nor diminish the truth.

I should never tell as truth what I do not know to be true.

### MOTTO :

Only a white lie ! Don't tell it, don't tell it ;

Be it even the whitest of white lies.

Only a white lie ! Repel it, repel it ;

It will leave a black stain on your soul ;  
your eyes

Will lose the clear, truthful look that all  
prize



## CHAPTER V.

## HONESTY.



All the people in the world, should possess food, clothing and shelter. They should wish for food that is healthful, clothing that is comfortable and suitable, and shelter that furnishes a real home. It is right for them to wish for other things that would add to their happiness. They may want these so much, that they will be willing to work hard to get them.

But people ought never to wish for anything so much that they will try to get it dishonestly. They ought to respect themselves and love the right. They should hate dishonesty, because it is wrong and ignoble.

Children should try to be honest in little things, so that they may grow up to be honest men and women.

The story that follows is not pleasant but it teaches a lesson that you should learn.

## A PICTURE.

## PART I.



beautiful baby boy, two years of age! Brown hair lying in soft rings all about a fine forehead! Brown eyes, full of soft light! Cheeks red and dimpled! Another dimple dents the round chin. That is his picture.

The boy is in his sister's lap. He puts his little arms about her neck. He gives her many kisses. He says soft, cooing words of love to her. He is a lovely, loving, little fellow.

Listen! a defect already shows in the dear baby. The mother's quick eyes have seen it, and to the twelve year old sister, she says, "You

must not give up to Philip too much, Mary, for, young as he is, I can see that he is quite determined to have what he wants." "A good fault!" says the father, coming in at that moment. "It will help him to make his way in the world and to get his own rights."

"Yes," returned the mother, "good, if he does not overlook the rights of others in trying to get his own. I do not want my boy to be selfish."

A few years pass and our boy is ten years old. His face has lost its baby softness now, but still he is a beautiful boy.

We ask, "What of his soul? What of the one defect?"

His mother has some anxiety about him; still she hopes he will come out all right. These mothers always hope. Philip is a self-reliant boy. He loves his mother and is usually obedient. He possesses many other good qualities, but he is determined to have whatever he wants, and seems to care very little how much he makes others suffer if he can only succeed.

His teachers! What do they say of him? They say that he is not troublesome, that he is studious and obedient, but he is tricky, and not quite truthful.

He will get what he wants by fair means, if

he can, by unfair means, if he cannot get it in any other way. He uses his spending money for candy, and borrows paper, pencils, etc., which he ought to have bought with the money. He seems to be generous, at any rate he is fond of giving. He likes to treat his companions to the very candy which he should never have bought. Still, he does not seem to be a very bad boy.

#### PART II.

Five years more pass away and Philip is fifteen. He has grown tired of school and has been allowed to learn business. His father has died and the family is left with a small income. The mother has looked forward to the time when Philip will relieve her of the burden of severe economy, but she is disappointed. His money is used for pleasures, not necessities, and his mother's heart aches at the thought of his selfishness. He still has a fine, open face, a face that all trust. He is a favorite with his employers, for he is courteous and industrious. No one feels anxious about him save his mother. She knows that he does not use his money as he ought. She knows how self-indulgent he is.

Still, she comforts herself with the thought that all his indulgences are innocent in themselves. He has no vices. She thinks that it

may be a severe test to most boys to earn their own money and be independent. She hopes that time will improve him, that he will grow to understand his duty better as he grows older.

He is still a little tricky. He doesn't like to see his mother's face when he has done what she thinks is wrong, so he deceives her, and keeps much of his doing from her.

Five years more and Philip is twenty. These five years have wrought more of a change in Philip than any five before. His employers still think well of him, for he deceives them ; but his mother's heart is breaking. His habits are getting to be more and more expensive.

He smokes up much of his money, much more than he can afford. He buys many things that he cannot pay for. He borrows money and does not return it. He does not hesitate to lie to his mother, out and out, now, and though she cannot know the truth, she has an uneasy sense of his dishonor. He has begun to talk, too, of all good people as though they were good only from selfish motives. "Every man has his price," is getting to be a favorite saying with him.

Five years more. Philip still has the confidence of his employers, and has a liberal salary. He still possesses the old trait. He is determined to have what he wants. He has a lovely wife

and child now. He likes to live in better style than he can afford. His wife is young, and she trusts him. She does not know the expense of living. People whisper that they are living beyond their means.

Suddenly there comes an end to it all. Philip is caught in stealing from his employers. We leave him behind prison bars, his life ruined, his wife in despair, his boy's whole future darkened, his mother's heart broken—and he out twenty-five.





## RULES FOR Conduct

I should never borrow anything when I can avoid it.

If I am obliged to borrow anything, I should be very careful to return it at the proper time and in as good condition as when I borrowed it.

If I should lose or spoil a borrowed article, I should replace it or pay for it.

I should never borrow anything if I am not sure that I can return it.

I should never try to get anything by telling what is not true.

I should never try to get anything by pretending that what I have to give in return is of more value than it really is.

I should always pay for everything that I buy.

I should not buy what I am not sure I can pay for.

If I find anything I should do my best to find the owner and give it back.

I should never take anything, even a thing of small value, without the knowledge and consent of the owner.

### MOTTO:

Honesty the best policy!  
Why! cheats gain gold and fame.

Now do you not the folly see?

They lose ten fold

The worth of gold,

When they lose their own good name.

## CHAPTER VI.

## TEMPERANCE.

Your bodies are machines, and very delicate machines. It is your duty to take the best possible care of them. You should always be very careful not to eat nor drink too much, not to do too much of anything. We call this being temperate. There are some things that we can not take even a little of without being injured. We call such things poison and we ought to let them alone. Tobacco is a poison. It injures both the body and the brain, but its effect upon boys is much worse than upon men. If it will injure your bodies and your brains to use tobacco, is it right to use it? Alcohol is not food, it is poison, and drinks containing it are poisonous drinks. It injures the whole body, but it injures the brain more than any other part of the body. The reason why it is so much more dangerous for a person to take a little alcohol than to take a little of other kinds of poison, is that alcohol poison affects the body in such a way as to make the person who uses it thirsty for more. Some boys think they can use drinks containing alcohol and never use too much. They do not know that it causes a thirst for more that they cannot



help, any more than they could help being thirsty for water if they had fever.

One of the greatest dangers of drinking comes from the fact, that when a person begins to discover that he may be drinking too much, it is usually too late ; he has gone too far and cannot stop.

By and by, when you are older and are tempted to drink, think what it may lead to, and resist the temptation.

## A TRUE STORY.

### PART I.

"But, Auntie, I can't see the harm of smoking, nor of drinking wine," said Herbert Chase to his Aunt Margaret. "Almost every gentleman I know smokes and a great many drink wine. I know papa never does either, and doesn't want me to ; still, I can't see the harm. They always have wine at Mr. Robertson's, and Mr. Robertson always gives Harry some ; and he offers it to me. I refuse, for papa's sake, but it isn't very pleasant."

"I think, Herbert," replied his aunt, "that if you were to ask any of those same gentlemen who use tobacco and wine themselves to advise you what to do, they would tell you to follow your father's example."

"As to Mr. Robertson, I heard him tell your father the other evening that he liked you very much, that he had noticed your refusing to take wine at his table and liked the strength of character you showed in refusing, when he could see how much you disliked to do so.

"He added that although he thought it right to use wine himself, and allowed Harry to use it, that, brought up as you had been, you did right to refuse it."

Aunt Margaret said nothing more, but that evening when the younger children gathered about her for the usual story, Herbert soon discovered that the story was intended for him, rather than for the little ones. He thought himself too old to listen to stories, and when the "small fry," as he was fond of calling them, settled themselves for the regular evening entertainment, he pretended to be deeply interested in the book he was reading ; but he took good care to be pretty near to the story-teller, and his aunt soon saw that he very seldom turned a leaf.

"My story this evening will be a sad one," said Aunt Margaret.

"That will suit Nell," said Walter. "She likes sad stories the best of any. I'm sure she just loves to cry over them. For myself I don't care so much for that kind."

"I like stories about naughty children the best," said little Fanny; "you might tell us about your stopping the clock, or about eating the apples on the tree."

"O no, tell us something new," cried Jack, "we know those stories by heart."

"But Auntie has decided already what she will tell us," said Nelly quietly, "so I think all we have to do about it is to listen."

"That's a fact," said Walter, as he threw himself down on the rug before the fire in his favorite position.

"I'm ready to listen to any yarn you may spin."

"O Walter," sighed Nellie, "Aunt Margaret doesn't 'spin yarns.'"

## PART II.

Aunt Margaret thought it was time for her story to begin, so she said :

"I have told you a good many times about leaving my pleasant home to teach a family of children."

"That's good," remarked Walter, "I always like to hear about that time."

"Is this story to be about Ruth?" asked Fanny, "I like to hear about her, she did such funny things."

“No,” said Aunt Margaret, “this story is to be about Ruth’s brother, Dexter.”



“Did Ruth have a brother?” cried Jack. “I never heard of him before.”

“Yes, Ruth had a brother, but I never told you about him, for, as I said, his story is a sad one.”

“When I taught the girls of the family, Dexter was about fourteen years of age. He was

away from home in school most of the time, so I did not see him very often ; but I can tell you it was a gala time when he did come home.

“Ruth fairly worshiped her brother ; and well she might, for he treated her beautifully. She was never tired of following him about and waiting upon him ; and he received her attentions with such gentle courtesy that I always enjoyed seeing them together.

“He was a handsome boy, having a strong well-knit figure, and the bright eyes and brilliant color that are the result of perfect health.

“Ruth was not the only one of the household who made an idol of the boy. Every one loved him. His mother depended upon him, her only son, to take his dead father’s place to them all ; and Dexter seemed a boy to be trusted.

“The family had been wealthy at one time, but now were obliged to do without many things that they had been in the habit of enjoying.

“‘Never mind, mamma,’ Dexter often said, ‘one of these days I shall be a man, and then you shall have everything that you want. I mean to make all the money I can for you and my sisters. Only, mamma, I will never do anything mean. I would rather never be rich than to get money as some men do. I never will do anything that my father’s son need be ashamed

of.' He was always saying such things, always seemed to be filled with a noble, manly ambition.

"If the others loved him so well and were so proud of him, his grandmother's affection for him was still greater. She regarded him with a passionate fondness that was almost painful. She seemed to have kept all the love that she had felt for her dead husband and son, garnered up in her heart, for this boy.

"All this love and admiration never seemed to spoil him in the least. He was as unselfish and dutiful as a boy could well be, and unassuming with it all.

#### PART III.



"One thing that I noticed about Dexter was on his first vacation after I went to the house, and that was, that his wine was left untasted. His grandmother saw this, too, and after it had occurred every day for several days, she said to him, 'Why don't you drink your wine, Dexter?'"

“‘I don't care for it, grandmother,’ he replied, ‘and beside that, wine always makes my head feel bad.’

“‘But you should learn to like it,’ she said, rather sharply, ‘and if you get used to it, it won't trouble your head. A gentleman should be able to drink wine.’

“‘Well, I mean to be a gentleman,’ said Dexter, and he drank his wine without saying anything more; but I noticed that he made a wry face, which called forth another reproof from his grandmother for his bad manners.

“‘The next time that I saw Dexter was a year later. He was the same bright, handsome boy, with the same winning manners, the same noble purposes.

“‘This time I noticed a change in the feeling about the wine.

“‘No more baby wine for me,’ he said the first day when the wine was served at dinner. ‘I will take the same that you do, grandmother,’ and his grandmother praised him when he drank it off as if he enjoyed it.

“‘That's right, Dexter,’ she said, ‘you used to drink baby wine like a baby, but you took that without wincing. That was done as a gentleman should do it.’ She noticed, too, with pleasure, that his cheeks grew redder and his

eyes brighter than before he drank the strong wine, and laughed gayly at his witty speeches.

“ ‘ Yes, grandmother,’ he said, ‘ I have practiced this year, and I can take wine now without making faces. I never take too much, though, and never shall. I am sure no gentleman ever does that.’

“ It was while Dexter was at home this time that it was settled that he should go into the navy. He had a decided taste for the sea, and his grandmother had influential friends who could help him to a position.

“ ‘ Won’t Dexter make a handsome sailor, Miss Margaret?’ cried Ruth ; ‘ and won’t it be fun to have him come home from his voyages and bring me all sorts of nice things, from all sorts of strange countries!’

“ I did not see Dexter after that, for I was at my own home when he came next time ; but I knew that he entered the navy, and that he went from home to make his way in the world, possessing the same noble ambition that he had always had, hoping to win honor and wealth for the sake of those he loved so well.

“ He used to write home most delightful letters, telling of all the interesting places he visited. Sometimes he wrote of the kindness of



the officers, and told with pride of being invited to drink wine with them.

“It was less than a year after Dexter went upon shipboard that I returned to my own home, and I knew but little of him for some three years.

“Then I heard the sad news that he was dead. It was sad enough to think of his bright young life being ended, but when I came to learn how he died, the thought was terrible.

“He had died a dreadful death, in a miserable cabin in California.

“In four short years, from the time when he had tried to learn to drink wine without wincing, because a gentleman ought, he had died from drinking too much, and the hearts at home were very sore.”



## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should try to be temperate in all things.

I should never use tobacco, because it contains poison. It injures the body and weakens the brain.

I should be specially careful never to use it while I am young, as it is much more harmful for boys than for men.

I should not drink anything that contains alcohol, because it is a poison. It injures the body and has a terrible effect upon the brain. It makes people do many wicked things that they would not do if they never drank it.

### MOTTO :

Love thyself well, too well to do ought that may injure thy body, thy mind or thy soul.



## CHAPTER VII.

### STUDIOUSNESS.

#### DOROTHY'S DREAM.

##### PART I.

Dorothy Hunt was unhappy. Dorothy Hunt was but nine years old, yet she was tired of life ; at least she thought she was. What do you suppose was the cause of this little woman's unhappiness? I will tell you. Dorothy Hunt was obliged to go to school !

School wasn't so very bad either. Dorothy thought she could stand school, if she didn't have to study any after school. It was seven o'clock, dinner was over, and mamma had insisted that she must spend half an hour preparing lessons for the next day.

Half an hour ! just when she wanted to read her new fairy story ! It certainly was very trying. Dorothy wished there were no such things as geography and spelling. She wished she was a grown up young woman, and could spend her time reading big books, and playing the piano, and going to parties, as sister Maud did.

To be sure, Maud helped mamma about the sewing, and papa about the book-keeping, and brother Harry about his lessons ; but Dorothy was sure that wasn't very much, and Maud always had time to read those big history books that must be so lovely, just as nice as fairy stories — Maud said so herself.

Dorothy wouldn't disobey her mamma, of course not ! but she would read her fairy story for just five minutes. She had been reading in such a lovely part of the story when the dinner bell rang !

She would read just five minutes, then put the book away and study half an hour, as mamma had told her.

Dorothy didn't know when the five minutes were up. She didn't know how long she had read, when her book tumbled out of her hands and rolled into the grate. With a little scream Dorothy sprang up to save the book, when the strangest thing happened. There couldn't have been any mistake about it, for Dorothy says, to this day, that she saw it all with her own eyes. Just when she reached out her hand to snatch up her dearly-loved book, it burst into flame; and the strangest part of it was that it didn't seem to burn up, only to change very, very slowly.

A lovely little head grew up out of the flame of the book, having hair that matched in color the gilt edges, and eyes as bright as the blaze.

The blue binding changed into a soft blue robe, and a golden girdle clasped the waist of the fairy—for fairy it was.

The fairy looked up at Dorothy with bright roguish eyes and said, "So you love fairies better than geography and spelling do you, my dear? I don't blame you, for we are a great deal more interesting. And you would like to be a grown up young lady without waiting for all this 'fuss and feathers' about getting an education? You shall have your wish, my dear. These mammas don't know half so much about what little girls want as we fairies do."

Dorothy didn't quite like that. She wanted to say that her mamma knew "most everything"; but she couldn't open her lips, she was so surprised to see a real, live fairy right in her own home. She had always feared that she would never see a fairy, because she lived in the city, and she supposed fairies never left the dells and dingles of the country.

"I must have a wand," went on the lovely little creature. "Who ever heard of a fairy without a wand! I can do nothing without one." The fairy looked perplexed for a moment, then she spied Dorothy's pencil lying on the carpet, and picking it up, she held it in the flame of the fire. The pencil grew long, and beautiful, and golden.

The fairy stretched herself up on her little toes, and touched Dorothy's shoulder with the wand. She said over some mystical words, and then, with a silvery laugh, she sprang into the grate and disappeared in the flame.

## PART II.

After the fairy disappeared, Dorothy began to think that perhaps she had imagined it all. She looked around for the book, but it was nowhere to be seen. The pencil was no longer lying on the carpet, where she had left it.

Dorothy put her hand to her head, and tried to think.

She started and put her hand down again quickly, for, strangely enough, when she touched her hair, she found that it no longer fell in soft curls about her neck, but was "done up" on the top of her head like mamma's and sister Maud's. Could it be possible that she was really changed into a young lady! She sprang up to look into the mirror and make sure. She tripped over her long skirt and came near falling. When she reached the mirror and looked at herself, she gave a little scream of delight and began to prance about the room. She soon discovered that long skirts were not made for little girls' antics; so she tried to walk about in a demure and dignified manner. It was difficult, for she wasn't used to it; but she succeeded pretty well.

After admiring herself for a while, she decided to go to the library where she knew the family was sitting. She looked at the clock. The hand pointed to eight. She gave another little prance of joy, when she thought that she was no longer a little girl, and wouldn't have to go to bed at eight o'clock.

## PART III.

When she reached the library door, she felt a little shy about going in, for she wasn't quite sure about the way the family would feel over the sudden change in its little girl. She didn't know just what she would say if they should question her about it. After a while she plucked up courage enough to enter the room.



Much to Dorothy's surprise no one acted in the least astonished at the change in her. They all treated her just as if she had always been grown up. For awhile she enjoyed it as much as ever she had imagined she would.

It was so pleasant to have Harry politely offer her a chair, instead of having him catch her up and place her on his knee, calling her "Toodleskins," or some other equally undignified name. It was perfectly delightful to have them all ask her opinion about things, just as they did Maud's.



It was not long, however, before she began to feel uncomfortable. She didn't understand what they were talking about, and she didn't know how to answer their questions. She didn't like to ask what was meant, as she might have done had she been a nine year old child. She was grown up now, and ought to know.

"Dorothy doesn't know our secret, does she?" said Maud. "She hasn't read Uncle Henry's letter. Give it to her, Harry, for she ought to know all about it, now that she is no longer a child."

Uncle Henry's letter was given to Dorothy to read, but she could't make it out at all. She knew many of the words, but not enough of them, to get an idea of the meaning. She pretended to read it through, and tried to talk with them about the secret that she was supposed to have learned from it. By listening closely she found that Uncle Henry had written, inviting Maud to spend the coming summer in traveling through Europe with him.

Now Dorothy felt better. She would risk a remark now. "Going to Europe, Maud?" she cried with much spirit, "isn't that lovely! Bessie May went to Europe last year. Her father took her there in his carriage, and she had a splendid time. I wish I could go, too. I am

large enough to enjoy such things, now." She didn't say old enough, for she wasn't sure whether she was nine or nineteen.

Maud and Harry laughed a little at Dorothy's remark, as if they thought she had intended it for a joke, but her father and mother looked very sober. Dorothy knew there was something wrong about what she had said, but she didn't know what it was. She took a seat a little apart from the rest and was very quiet.

#### PART IV.

In the course of the evening, Maud turned to Dorothy and said, "I wish you would answer this note for me, Dorothy ; will you please?" Dorothy didn't like to be disobliging, so she took the note and promised to answer it. Poor Dorothy! what was she to do! She was sure she didn't know. Still, she could write pretty well, she thought ; perhaps, after all, she could manage it. So she asked Maud to tell her what she wished her to write ; then tried to do as she had promised.

Such work as she made of it ! Her writing, though very good for a nine-year-old, was very bad, compared with Maud's. She didn't know how to begin ; she didn't know how to spell the words ; she didn't know how to end it. At last,

she had to give it up and tell her sister that she couldn't do it.

Maud looked surprised, but said kindly: "Never mind, dear, I will find time to do it myself."

Dorothy began to wish that she had been willing to be a school-girl for a few years longer.

But her trials were not at an end. A beautiful book of English history, that her father had bought only a few days before, was brought out, and the family began to look it over together, and talk about it. Dorothy didn't know what they were talking about, and when they spoke of various historical persons, she hadn't even heard their names.

She kept very quiet. She didn't want to show her ignorance. She began to think how pleasant it would be to know as much as Maud and Harry did, about the old fellows of whom they were talking. She wondered what sort of old fellows they were, anyway.

After a while, the talk turned to the history of their own country. Then Dorothy began to feel better. When they spoke of George Washington she was quite delighted, for she was sure she knew all about him. She thought she could talk a little now, but before she had a chance to say that George Washington was the Father of his Country, and that he cut down his father's

cherry tree with his little hatchet, and that he dared not tell a lie, some one spoke of General Grant ; so she asked, instead, if Washington and Grant were generals in the same army.

No one answered her question ; but instead, they all looked at her in such a strange way, that she wondered what was the matter. She felt the tears come into her eyes. It was dreadful not to know anything that she ought to know. She wondered if she could begin now, to learn some of the things that they all seemed to expect her to know.

Then she thought how a young lady would feel going to school, and learning to read and write, and spell, and studying geography and history ! Besides, it would take years to learn all the things that she ought to know right away. She thought of the ten years of study that she had lost.

She wished there were no such things as fairies. She wished her fairy would come and change her back into a little girl.

When she thought that it was too late to wish such things, that she would always have to be grown up now, she sighed a deep sigh.

“ Why, Dorothy, child, what is the matter ? ” asked her mother’s voice, close beside her ; and her mother’s arm lifted her from the floor, where

she was lying. "Did you fall asleep over your lessons?"

"No, mamma," said Dorothy, with another sigh, this time of relief to find that she was not grown up, after all. "I haven't looked at my lessons; I was reading my book of fairy stories; but, mamma, I'll study every lesson hard after this, and learn just as much as I can, so that I won't grow up to be a dunce." And Dorothy kept her word.





## RULES FOR CONDUCT

If I wish to have knowledge I must get it for myself.

I should learn how to read because reading is the key to all knowledge.

I should study faithfully and do all my school work carefully and well, so that I may grow up to be intelligent and useful.

I ought to be studious and thoughtful and attentive, so that my mind may grow to be strong and active.

I ought to learn all that I can, because it will help me to know what is right and what is wrong; it will help me to do my duty.

### MOTTO :

Get joy and mirth and gladness  
Get happiness and health,  
Get pleasure without sadness,  
Get friends and fame and wealth,  
And with all thy getting  
Get understanding.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## WORK.

## AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

## PART I.

"I believe you think I am just made of stories," said Aunt Margaret, as Nellie, Jack, Walter and Fannie gathered about her, begging for a story.

"Well," said Walter, with a laugh, "I do believe that if we could look at the inside of your brain we would find stories written all over it."

"Tell us about your visit at Aunt Helen's, won't you please?" said Nellie.

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, "I will tell you about my first day there.

"Your cousin Helen saw me coming and met me at the door, before I had time to ring the bell, and welcomed me with quite a grown-up air.

" 'Just in time for my birthday party,' cried, Mollie, who flew out of the parlor to give me a kiss and a hug. 'I'm twelve years old to-day.'

"Little Faith came, too, to bid me welcome in her sweet, shy way."

"Did you see the boys?" asked Jack.

"I saw the two little boys, Paul and Hal;

but Lemuel was at the store. He is in business, you know. I saw him in the evening.

"I had noticed, when I first entered the hall, that the parlor seemed to be full of girls about twelve and fifteen years old.

"When I asked for Aunt Helen I was very sorry to learn that she was not well enough to leave her room. I knew that she had been ill for several weeks, but had hoped to find her entirely recovered. I left the children and went to her room."

"Auntie," interrupted Nellie, "how could the girls have a tea-party when their mother was sick?"

"That is just what my story is about," replied Aunt Margaret. "Aunt Helen told me that Helen and Mollie had been learning to cook. When they wanted to have a tea-party she gave them permission to have it, provided they would do all the work themselves. The girls had been delighted with the plan, had promised to do everything, and had faithfully kept their promise."

#### PART II.

"Aunt Helen asked me to go to the dining-room, and see how they had succeeded. Although I was prepared to find everything well done, I was surprised at what I saw. The dining-room



was in perfect order, and beautifully decorated with flowers from their own gardens."

" 'We didn't take one of papa's flowers,' said Helen, 'we raised them all ourselves. These verbenas are mine, the geraniums are Mollie's and the pansies are Faith's. Paul and Hal raised the sunflowers; they are very proud of them and they do show off finely.'

"The table was beautiful. Many women would be happy to be able to prepare and set such a table.

"The birthday cake, with its twelve tapers, was in the center. There were the daintiest biscuits, and cakes and tarts. There were pickles and lovely, clear jellies. Helen had made the biscuits, the jellies, and the birthday cake; Mollie the pickles and tarts.

"Paul took me to see the ice-cream, which the children had made themselves. He was specially proud of that, because he had helped turn the crank of the freezer. I was invited to take tea with them; but I took the place of a guest, and let the children manage everything. The serv-



ants were not allowed to help them, even about the serving. Everything was delicious, and I couldn't help wishing that another little niece of mine could look in and see what her cousins had done."



"I can't do any of those things," said Nellie, rather faintly; "but, auntie," she added, "don't you think that it is more important that I read and study now? I can learn such things, by and by, when I am through school."

"Ah! my dear, don't imagine that your cousins are one whit behind you in either reading or lessons. Helen is a year older than you are and just about as much ahead of you in lessons, and I found that she had read quite as much poetry and history as most of the girls of her age."

### PART III.

"But I haven't begun to tell you all the accomplishments of your cousins. I was so delighted with the tea-party, that, when the guests had

gone home, Aunt Helen sent Mollie with me to see their rooms.

"They were in the most perfect order, closets, bureaus, everything quite perfect. Each of the girls has a room of her own and takes the entire charge of it."

"Three as neat little work boxes as one need wish to see, were brought out. Faith was very proud of hers because it was a new one. She had just begun to learn to use a needle.

"When the girls showed me their work I was more pleased than ever. There was some



fancy work, which was very pretty; but what their mother showed with the greatest pleasure, were the neatly darned stockings, and carefully mended garments. 'Don't you think I have reason to be proud of my little daughters?' she said. 'Don't you think we have reason to be proud of our little mamma?' asked Mollie gayly. It has taken a great deal of trouble on her part to teach me, I can assure

you. I have been a bad subject, but she has done her best.' Then drawing a stocking over her hand and flourishing around the room with it, she cried, 'Now, I consider that a very fine darn, for a twelve year old. I can tell you one thing I can do,' she continued, as she danced about the room, 'I can play the piano, and I haven't been goaded on to do that, either, so I deserve the credit for it myself.'



"Helen can paint ; she is a very fine artist, but I am the musician of this family."

"Another thing I found out before my visit at Aunt Helen's was over, and that was, that my nieces were given plenty of time for fun and frolic. They seemed to have just about as much time for games as other girls. They

had learned all that they knew about work, by doing a little every day."



## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I ought to do some work every day. I shall be happier and healthier if I do. Working will help me to be good, and will help to make my mind strong and active.

There are many things I ought to know how to do, and I can learn how to do them by beginning now and doing a little every day.

Whatever I do, I should try to do as well as I can.

If I form the habit of being industrious while I am a child, I shall find it much easier to be industrious all my life.

### MOTTO.

Many friends have I,  
Friends kind and true;  
Very much for me  
I know they do.

But ten friends have I,  
Worth all the rest;  
For my slaves they'll be,  
Serve me with zest.

Ears to hear with they have none,  
Nor eyes to see;  
Yet will they obey my word,  
Labor for me.

I should try to teach them  
How to serve me well,  
Then will they do for me  
More than I can tell.



## CHAPTER IX.

## PURITY.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE  
DEW-DROP.

## PART I.

“ Good morning, my Sisters,” cried a gay little Sunbeam, as he slid down from Great Father Sun and settled himself beside a company of Dew-drops, on the lawn. “ How bright and happy you look.”

“ We were not bright till you came,” answered one of the Dew-drops ;

“ we were dull and sleepy enough till you waked us, fairly dazzling our eyes with your shin-



ing. Who could be dull with you for a companion! Not a Dew-drop, surely."

"It is time you were awake and wide awake," said the Sunbeam. "Look up at Father Sun. He has been awake for a long time, and hard at work, too, sending his sons out on their various missions. I must spend the day making impure things pure. For part of the work that I must do, I need your help. Will you go with me?"

"Not I," cried one surly little Dew-drop, "I don't go out scrubbing."

"Neither will I go," cried another.

"It is all very well, for you, Sir Sunbeam, who can go into all sorts of filthy places and come out as clean as when you started on your trip in the morning, it is all very well for you, I say, to spend your day making impure things pure. But I should have a different story to tell before the day were half done. Let me but touch a bit of impurity, and I feel the dreadful grime permeating my whole body. Oh, no, I will not go with you. I much prefer to join that gay little brook, yonder, and take a journey to the sea."

"And I," cried another, "will sink into the earth and help to moisten the roots of this lovely tea-rose beside me."

Thus one and another refused to join the Sun-

beam. His face flushed and he grew hot with mortification.

At last, one modest little Dew-drop turned her soft eye upon the Sunbeam, and said sadly, "I should like to go with you, dear Sunbeam, but it is as my sisters say. I should soon be soiled and blackened and unfit to be your companion if I should seek to do so great a work. I am not fit to try to make the impure things pure."

"Very true, little Sister," said the Sunbeam, kindly, "very true, those who would help to make the impure things pure, must be pure and clean, without a stain. But you and your sisters are stainless. I can look into your very hearts and discover not so much as a shadow of uncleanness. They are clear as crystal. And you love purity, else you would not so much fear touching filth. So, though the impurity that you seek to remove may cling to you, it will remain but for a moment. It shall never reach your hearts, for I will be your friend, and I am purity itself. I have but to shine into your eyes, and you will find yourselves possessed of pure white wings, with whose aid you will be able to leave all defilement, and fly away as pure and clean as snow.

"I need your help. I cannot do what I would without you, and I give you the word of a Sun-



beam that what I have said is true. Will you go with me for this one day?"

"I trust you," replied the Dew-drop, softly, "I will go. Still, my heart is heavy, I love this lawn, and would tarry with my sisters. I fear to go out into the great, wide world. But I know that where impurity exists there is unhappiness, and will do what I can to help you. I will go with you, my brother."

## PART II.

The Dew-drop's words seemed to rouse her sisters from their selfishness, for at once there sounded a little chorus of voices, soft and sweet as silver bells, crying, "We, too, will go, will go, will go."

The Sunbeam smiled upon them, and they glistened and sparkled as only Dew-drops can, and they laughed and shouted gleefully, "We will go, will go, will go."

The Sunbeam smiled on them, and they began to stretch out soft, white wings ready for flight.

Presently they joined together in a circle and danced and sang for very happiness at the thought of the good they hoped to do.

Their voices grew lower and softer, their wings grew larger and whiter, and they sailed away with the Sunbeam on their holy mission.

"We must leave the lovely country, with its pleasant meadow lands, its fields, orchards, and forests," said the Sunbeam, "and take our way to the city with all its dirt and grime, for there will we find work enough and to spare.

"Do you see yon tall building, my sisters? 'Tis there I need your help. At the very top of that tall building lives a poor, little cripple. He is sick, and dirty and uncared for. Yesterday I tried to shine in upon him, but the glass of the windows was so covered with filth that I could not enter. You can help me, dear White-wings."

Soon they reached the window, but, as before, the Sunbeam could not enter.

The Dew-drops, changed to soft little White-wings, settled upon the window panes; some settling on the outside, others forcing themselves through the cracks in the casement, and settling on the inside. It was not long before they were again changed to drops and began chasing each other down the window panes, carrying with them much of the dreadful dirt, thus giving the Sunbeam his longed-for chance to enter. He shone upon the pale face of the dreaming boy.

The boy, roused by the light and warmth, called gleefully, "O Sister, come quickly! See this beautiful Sunbeam. Look! it comes straight down from Heaven. Don't you think mamma's

soul could come down on this Sunbeam, and make us a visit? It would be such a beautiful pathway.

"See! Sister, the sun is shining through these little streaks on the window pane, where the drops of water have been running. If you could only wash all the black from the window the room would be full of light. Can't you do it, Sister? I am not very strong, but I can help a little."

"Yes, Dicky, dear, I will wash them," said his sister gently, "How bright and clean mamma used to keep them; but I have been so tired, Dicky, since mamma died, that I have not felt like keeping anything clean."

"I know, Sister, but you are getting stronger now, and I will help you; I am sure I can. We will make the glass so clear and bright, that mamma will be sure to see us if she comes down this way."

The Sister brought a basin of water, and together they washed the grimy window, till it gave the Sunbeam a chance to fill the poor room with radiance.

The pale boy fairly shouted with delight. "O, Sister," he cried, "let us keep it clean always; then the beautiful sunbeams can come in every day, and perhaps the moonbeams and the star-

beams may find the way down here, too. Perhaps they will come in and talk to me, in the night, when I can not sleep for the pain."

But the boy's face clouded as he looked around



the room, and he sighed as he said, "The bright light makes everything look dirty. Just look at my hands ; they are almost black with dirt."

"Never mind, Dicky," said his sister, "you shall have a splendid bath, and every day, as we can, we will work a little, till, by and by, the room will be as clean as mamma used to make it, and then we will keep it so."

The Sunbeam had already shone upon the drops of water on the window pane and made

them pure and white, and they were quite ready to fly away, when he whispered, "Our work is done here for today. Let us go."

### PART III.

Thus the day passed, the Sunbeams and the Dew-drops working with a will.

Many times they were tempted to loiter by the way, or to fly away to the bright, clean places of the earth.

Once they came upon a band of happy children, and they longed to stop and frolic with them. But the Sunbeam knew that for this day he must not turn aside from his allotted work; he knew that many of his brothers had been sent to frolic with clean, happy children; he knew that he must not lose a moment from his work with the forlorn and unclean ones.

Toward noon, of that day, the Dew-drops grew tired of their wearisome toil. "We are tired, brother, and would rest," they cried. As the Sunbeam had much that he could do without their aid, he sent them to a soft downy cloud to rest.

"And now," said the Sunbeam softly to himself, "I must work with those who are not pure in heart." So he sought out a little girl, whose

face, indeed, was clean and beautiful, but whose heart was dotted over with vile, black spots, and whose lips, alas ! were often defiled with impure words. He sent his bright rays down into her heart, and made the black spots look so dark and horrible to the child, that she cried out in dismay and tried to hide away out of his sight. But he would not leave her for a moment, till she said earnestly : " Oh ! Sunbeam, I would like to have a pure heart, I would like to think pure thoughts and speak pure words. How can I do it ? "

Then the Sunbeam whispered in her ear : " Pray to the good Father in Heaven, and say, ' Create in me a clean heart, O, God. ' Then do good deeds and try to fill your heart so full of good thoughts, that there will be no room left for the bad. "

" I will try, " said the child, humbly, and the Sunbeam passed on.

At the close of the day, the Sunbeam returned to his father to report the deeds of the day. Then he begged to be allowed to go to the moon, that night, that he might shine down on the crippled boy, who could not sleep, to whisper words of cheer to him.

O child, you may not be able to do as the Sunbeam and the Dew-drops did. You may not be able to seek out the impure things of earth, and

---

make them pure, as they did. But you can keep your own little face clean, you can keep your own little heart pure, and the radiance that shall shine out from your face and heart may do a little toward making all things in this great world purer.





## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should keep my body clean and pure by frequent bathing.

I should wear clean clothing. Cleanliness will help to make me healthy as well as agreeable to everyone who sees me.

I should try to keep my heart pure and clean.

To do this, I must not think impure thoughts, use impure language, associate with those who are impure, nor read impure books.

I should try to fill my mind with good, pure thoughts.

To do this, I must get useful knowledge by learning my lessons well.

I must associate with those who are good, and think kind, loving thoughts about them.

I must read good books, and learn beautiful thoughts.

I must fill my mind and heart with thoughts of all things that are pure, and good and beautiful.

### MOTTO.

Keep your heart from all that defileth alway ;  
From aught that can make you impure, turn away.  
Be purer than water in rivers that run,  
As pure as the light shining down from the sun.



## CHAPTER X.

## COURAGE.

I think there is not one of you, boys and girls, who would like to be called a coward. Then try to deserve to be called brave. The best kind of courage is the courage to do right. Don't be a moral coward and do what you know is wrong because you are afraid to do right.

There are many ways in which you can be brave. You can bear pain bravely. You can bear trouble and disappointment bravely. It is brave to be patient when you have to suffer pain or when you cannot have what you wish or do as you please. Be brave in little ways and it will help to make you strong to be brave when great temptations come to you.

I know of only one sure way of having this courage, and that is by asking God's help. When you are in danger, ask God to take care of you ; when you are suffering, ask Him to help you bear it ; when you are tempted to do wrong, ask Him for courage to do right.

## PLUCKY POLLY.

### PART I.

Plucky Polly was a little school-ma'am who taught a school in Dakota. Little Mollie she was called by her home friends. Miss Webster she was called by her pupils. Plucky Polly was the name she earned during the terrible blizzard that swept over our western prairies in the winter of '88.

Mollie Webster was born in a little village on the coast of New Jersey, and there she lived till she was a dozen years of age.



Mollie loved the ocean, beside which she lived, with all her heart. She loved the rocks and sands. She loved the waves that spoke to her, some-

times in softest whispers and again in tones of thunder. She could not have told when she loved it best; when it was calm, or when it dashed the spray about in wild play, or when it rushed upon the shore in mad fury. She had listened to its voice with delight from her very babyhood.

As Mollie grew older her love for the ocean grew stronger till it seemed part of her very life.

When her mother called her from her play one day, and told her that in a few weeks they would leave their home by the sea and move to a western town, she felt, for a while, that she could not do it.

"O mamma," she cried, "do you mean that we are to go away off where we will never see the ocean again? I cannot do it. I can't live away from the ocean."

"I know it will be hard for you," said her mother gently; "but the doctors say that your father cannot live many years if he stays in this climate."

"Then, mamma," said Mollie bravely, as she choked back a sob, "I won't say another word against it, though it does seem to me that I can never be happy away from the water." Mollie kept her word and helped her mother, with cheerful courage, to prepare for the journey.

"What a perfect sunbeam our Mollie is," said her father, one day.

"I know she is sick at heart about leaving the ocean; yet, for my sake, she seems as bright and cheery as if she cared nothing about it. She is a brave girl."

"Molly is a wonder," declared her big brother Will, admiringly. "I thought she would cry her eyes out over going away; but she is as placid as a May morning. She is a wonder and no mistake."

When the family reached their new home in Dakota, Mollie was the light of the house. She saw beauties everywhere, in and about the house and town, that no one else would have thought of, and kept every one in good spirits by her gayety.

As the weeks passed into months, the family had need of Mollie's brave brightness; for her father, though improved in health, met with losses in business that gave them all many anxious hours.

## PART II.

One day, when they had lived in Dakota about three years, Mollie went to her father with a very happy face and cried gaily:

"Promise to let me do it, papa! Promise to let me do it."

"Do what?" asked her father.

"Promise first and I'll tell you what it is afterward," said Mollie.

"Very well, my dear," said her father, "I promise. Now, what is it?"

"That's a dear papa!" said Mollie in the same gay tone; "Now, I will tell you. I want to teach school in the country next summer."

"Teach school?" cried her father, "teach school!" Why, you are only a child yourself; how could you teach other children?"

"I am not a child," said Mollie, gravely now; "I am fifteen, and a great many girls teach who are no older than I. Mr. Evans told me this morning, when he came with the butter, that I may teach his school. He says the children are not hard to manage, and that he will help me all he can."

"So you see it is all arranged; and, papa," she went on earnestly, "you know you promised that I might do it."

"But, Mollie," said her father, "I had no idea that it was anything of so much importance. Still, if you think you can succeed, and want to try it, you may try."

"Little Molly teach school!" cried her brother Will, "that is a joke! But do you know, little

girl, that you can't teach school without a certificate? How will you get that?"

"I have it already," cried Mollie, triumphantly, as she brought the precious bit of paper and placed it in her brother's hand.

"You'll do Sis," said Will, patronizingly.

So it was settled that Mollie should leave her home for a part of each week to teach a country school. Her bright bravery helped her now, as it had many times before.

She succeeded so well, that when the term ended, she was asked to take the school for the winter term.

Thus it was that Little Mollie was in the country school, a mile and a half from any other house, when the terrible blizzard swept down upon the broad prairies of Dakota.

When Mollie looked out of the window that afternoon, she saw that it was not safe for herself or her pupils to leave the building; so she decided immediately that all must remain where they were. Then came a trying time for Mollie, for the children were filled with terror at the thought of remaining away from home all night.

"I must go home, Miss Webster," cried Dora Carter, "my mamma will be frightened to death about me."

"No she won't," answered Mollie, "she will

be a good deal worried; but how would she feel if you were frozen to death on your way home?"

"But," urged five-year-old Freddie Clinton, with trembling voice and quivering lips, "it will be all dark here, you haven't any light."

"The dark won't hurt you, will it Freddie?" asked Mollie.

"I don't like the dark," said Freddie, with a sob, "and I want my mamma."

"We shan't have any supper if we don't go home for it," said John Dudley, "and I'm hungry already."

It was hard for Mollie, but she soon had them so busy helping to make things comfortable that they forgot to be miserable. She had them form in line and bring wood from the wood-house, till there was enough to last all night. They filled the great stove full, and listened to the cheerful sound of the crackling fire.

"We shall not be cold, anyway, if we are hungry," said John Dudley whose mind was still on his supper.

Mollie entertained them as well as she could, told them stories and riddles, had them sing songs and play games.

She kept them so occupied that they did not hear, as she did, the terrible roar of the tempest outside.

## PART III.

Suddenly, while the children were marching around in a circle, hand in hand, playing a singing game, there came a terrible gust of wind followed by a crashing sound that filled them all with wild terror. When the rush, and roar, and crash, had grown a little less, Mollie saw that the school-house, which she had thought such a safe shelter, was unroofed.

Her heart stood still for a moment, but she knew that if she showed the least fear, the children would be beside themselves, and she might not be able to control them; so she said in a cheerful tone: "Well Johnny, we shall have to go home for supper, after all, for we can't stay here now."

"All right," said stout Johnny, "I'm ready."

In spite of the beating of the storm upon them, the children kept up good heart, under Mollie's wise management. She soon had them prepared, as carefully as possible, to meet the storm.

"Now, we must be tied together, so that we shall not lose each other, said Molly, "boys always have strings, so empty your pockets."

"That's all I have," said Johnny dolefully, as he brought out about a yard of tangled cord, "this isn't top time, nor kite time, nor fishing time."



"I know where there is a ball of cord," cried one of the girls. "Don't you remember, Miss Webster, when we trimmed up with evergreens at Christmas, we had some left, and you put it into the cupboard? I know just the corner where it is," and before she had finished speaking, she had the twine in her hands. There were fifteen children, and with the cord Mollie tied them together.



She placed John, who was strong and fearless, first; next after him little Freddie, and all the others after him, placing the largest ones at the end.

Then, cautioning them not to talk, she took Freddie's hand, and they started out into the storm.

She knew there was not much present danger of their losing their way, for a wire fence would be their guide for more than a mile. What they should do when they left that, she dared not think.

Before they had finished that mile, poor little Freddie sunk down into the snow, and declared he couldn't take another step, but Mollie by threats and coaxing, succeeded in getting him started on again.

Then one of the girls grew so cold that she could scarcely step, and Mollie had them all stop, while she took off some of her own warm garments and wrapped them about her, although she knew, very well, the risk that she ran in doing it. They were all numb with cold; their hands and feet were freezing though they were wet with perspiration from the exercise of walking. The sleet cut their faces and the wind took away their breath. In spite of her own suffering and fear, Mollie encouraged them with calm, brave words and again they started on.



They soon reached the end of the wire fence and she knew it would be certain death to all of them, if she made a single mistake, in trying to find the way. They were already very nearly exhausted.

"Are we right, Johnny?" she said, in a low tone, so as not to frighten the other children.

"Yes, Miss Webster, I think we are," answered Johnny. "I'll know before long, for there's a place up here a little way where we boys have had bonfires and roasted corn and potatoes. We stuck a pole in the ground one day, that I think I can find. It was there this morning, and I am pretty sure, that I can go straight to it. If I find it, I'll tell you." Nothing more was said for a long time, while they plodded wearily on.

Suddenly, Johnny gave a great shout. "Hurrah! hurrah! Here we are, Miss Webster, here's our pole! It isn't very far to the cotton-wood tree, and Mr. Carter's house is only a little way from there."

They were filled with new life by Johnny's glad shout, and quickened their steps toward the big cotton-wood tree. All but little Freddie; he gave out completely, and Mollie had to take him in her arms. At last they reached the farmer's house, all alive, though more or less badly frost-bitten.

Poor Mollie, whose courageous spirit kept her up till her little charges were all safely housed and cared for, now gave way and fell fainting upon the floor. She was ill for many weeks as a result of the exposure of that dreadful day.

From the time when Mollie's brother learned of her courage and firmness even to this day, he has always called her, "Plucky Pollie."



## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should always try to be courageous.  
To do this I should never give up to my fears, but should try to act bravely even if I am afraid.

If I try to act bravely I shall grow to have a brave spirit.

It is not courageous to put myself in danger, when it is not necessary. It is rashness.

It is not cowardly to fear to do wrong.

I should always have the courage to do right for that is the noblest kind of courage.

### MOTTO.

Let me tell you, my dear,  
When no danger is near,  
And there's nothing to fear,  
It is well to be brave.

When the darkness of night  
Fills your soul with affright  
And your fears you must fight,  
It is fine to be brave.

But when all your hopes fail,  
And you feel your heart quail,  
And temptations assail,  
Then 'tis grand to be brave.

## CHAPTER XI.

## CONSCIENCE.

It has been said that conscience is the voice of God in the soul, telling us what is right and what is wrong. Before you perform any action, you ought to let your conscience tell you whether what you are thinking of doing is right or wrong, and then you should do what it says is right. You should obey your conscience always ; even when it tells you to do something that is very hard to do. If you obey your conscience you will be happy. If you form a habit of listening to your conscience and obeying it, you will grow up to be good and true. You ought always to listen to the voice of conscience and try to do what it tells you to do.

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## MARGARET AND HER CONSCIENCE.

### PART I.

A great many years ago, the northern part of New York state was one vast wilderness. In the midst of this wilderness, not far from the St. Lawrence river, stood a log-house. In this house lived the little girl, who spent one long, unhappy day, because she did not obey her conscience.

You must not think that, because little Margaret lived in a log-house, her parents were very poor, or that she was a forlorn, uncared-for little girl. If you could have had one long look at the inside of the house, you would have known better.

On one side of the room that was a parlor, dining-room and kitchen, all in one, was a great open fire-place, with its brass andirons—for you must know that at this time there were very few stoves in this country.

Near the fire-place was a book-case, full of fine books; and papers and magazines were lying about on tables and stands, as if they were used to being read. Besides this, there was an air of brightness and comfort about everything within and without the house.

One day, a family that had just come from Scotland to make a new home for themselves in the

wilderness, and who had never been in a new country, or seen a log-house before, exclaimed, on seeing the outside of this one, "Surely, beggars must live in such a place."

But when they drove through the yard, to reach their own home, and saw through the open door, the pretty room, and the tea-table, set with its snow-white linen and bright dishes, they changed their minds, and cried with delight, "We are mistaken. Surely princes must live here."

You may be sure that the children of the household loved their home dearly, loved the grand river beside it, loved the meadows, and orchards, and wheat fields.

But better than anything else, in or about the house, little Margaret loved the great old clock that stood in the living-room. Often and often, when the other children were playing in the sunshine, she would steal in, and stand before it, and watch its slow-moving hands, and listen to its solemn ticking.

Her father had often told her that if she would listen closely, she could hear what the clock said to her, and that she would be sure to hear it say, "Do right, little girl; do right; do right." It was through her love for this old clock, with its solemn voice, that the child was tempted to the act that made her miserable for a day.

It was in midsummer. The father and mother were away from home, and the children were left to take care of themselves and the house.

"Let us go to the barn," cried Clarence, after they had watched the father and mother out of sight, "and play hide-and-seek."

"I think it is nicer in the house," said Margaret.

"But," urged Clarence, "the colt, and the calves, and the ducks and chickens are in the barn, and it won't be so lonesome there."

"Yes," said the older sister, "but some one might come, while we were there, and we wouldn't know."

"Some Indians might come," said Clarence, "so perhaps we ought to stay here."

The children had no fear of the Indians who sometimes came to the house to sell brooms and baskets, or to barter them for a piece of salt pork from the pork barrel; but they felt that they ought to be present to receive any one who might chance to come. So they decided on games that would not take them from the front yard.

They grew tired of playing, after awhile, and the older ones settled to their books; the two-year-old baby fell asleep on his blanket in the shade of the great maple-tree.

Then it was that Margaret, too young to care



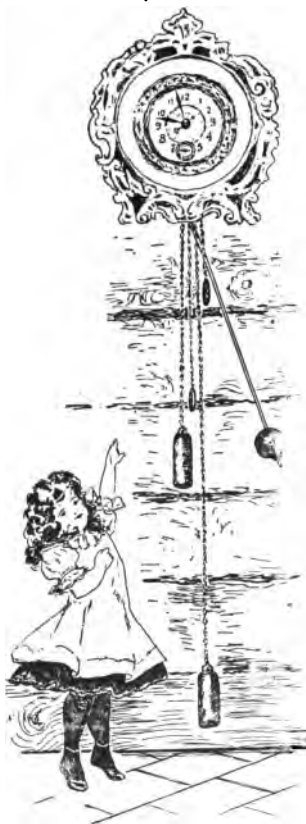
much for books, too old to take a nap with the baby, took her station before the old clock, to watch it and hear it talk to her.

## PART II.

This clock was very different from any that you have ever seen, I am sure. It had no frame around it, no glass over its face. It stood on strong brackets that were fastened on the wall. The weights were large and heavy, and when run down hung nearly to the floor. The wheels were all wooden wheels, and the pendulum hung within easy reach of a small child's hands. The face had a second hand, and a hand to mark the days of the month. In large letters, on the face, were the words, R. Whiting, Winchester, Conn.—probably the name and home of the maker.

Margaret soon grew tired of looking at the clock, and began to think how much she would like to take hold of the leaden cones fastened to the cords, and draw them down to see the weights go up. She wondered why pulling those small weights down, drew the large ones up. She thought she would like to touch the swinging pendulum.

She took one step nearer to the clock, and was startled by hearing it say, "Do right, little girl; do right; do right."



"Well, I haven't done anything naughty, have I?" exclaimed the child, with a start, as she stepped back and looked up at the face of the clock.

Then she was sure she heard the clock say in a softer voice, "That's right, little girl; that's right; that's right." If she had only listened to her conscience, which was speaking to her through the voice of the clock, and turned away from the temptation then, she would have saved herself a good many hours of unhappiness.

But she wanted very much at least to put her hands upon the

shining ball of the pendulum.

So she looked at the face and said, "Pooh!

you're a cross-patch, and you don't know anything about it anyway. Mother never told me not to touch you." Still the clock kept saying, "Do right; do right."

"I won't hurt you, the least little bit," she cried. "I'll just touch you, the softest little touch," and she went close up to it, and put her hand upon the pendulum. It felt cold and smooth. Then she wondered if she could make it swing a little faster. So she gave it a push, and was quite delighted with the result. She pushed it again, a little harder than before.

But this time a dreadful thing happened. With a sharp, quick sound, that seemed to Margaret like a cry of anger, the pendulum stood still. The silence that followed was awful to the child. The clock, that she had never, in her life, known to do such a thing, stopped.

She felt as if she had murdered it. What could she do! Neither father nor mother was there to help her, and she dared not tell her brothers or sister. How could she undo the thing that she had done? Her conscience spoke louder than ever, and told her that she knew that she was doing wrong, all the time, just as well as if her mother had told her many times not to do what she had done.

Margaret could think of but one thing to do.

She went to another part of the room, and knelt down and prayed to the good Father in heaven to make the clock go again. Then she went to see if her prayer had been answered, but it had not. Oh, how she wished she had let it alone.



She prayed again, and again looked for the answer to her prayer. And so she spent all the long hours of the rest of that bright day in praying and look-

ing to see if her prayer had been answered.

The end of the day brought the father and mother home. The older children had learned that the clock had stopped, though they did not know the cause. They rushed out to tell what had happened.

"The clock stopped!" exclaimed the father, in surprise, "surely I wound it last evening. I have never forgotten it. Let me take a look at it." Margaret was by his side, watching his face very closely while he made the examination.

"Very strange," he repeated; then, as if a thought had suddenly struck him, he said, "I fear some one has been meddling."

Just then he looked down into Margaret's face,

and, guessing by the distress in it, who the meddler was, said kindly, "Was it you, Margaret?"

"Yes, father," she said, "I just touched it a little bit; I didn't mean to hurt it. Oh, father, is it dead? Won't it ever tick any more?"

Her father felt inclined to smile at her thought, but he saw how unhappy she was, and said gently, "No, dear, it is not dead. You did very wrong, for though you did not mean to hurt it, you did mean to touch it; and you knew you ought not to do that." Then he set the clock, and started it, and it began ticking away as gravely as ever.

Margaret seldom looked at the clock after that without thinking of the day when she disobeyed her conscience, and was so very miserable. Many times the memory of that day helped her to do right, when she was sorely tempted.



## RULES FOR CONDUCT

Conscience is a voice within me, telling me what is right and what is wrong.

Before I perform any action I ought to listen to my conscience so as to know whether what I wish to do is right or wrong, and then I should do what it says is right.

I ought to obey my conscience always, even when it tells me to do something that is very hard to do.

By so doing I shall keep myself awake to the voice of conscience, and shall always hear it, clear and strong.

If I form a habit of listening to my conscience and obeying it I shall grow up to be good and true.

If I obey my conscience I shall be happy.

If I disobey it I shall be unhappy.

Every evening I should think over what I have done during the day.

If my conscience tells me that I have done anything wrong, I should undo it, if I can. If I can not undo it, I should confess it and resolve not to do the same thing again.

### MOTTO.

Though the voice of conscience leadeth—  
Now through trial, now through sadness,  
Listen when that soul-voice pleadeth ;  
It will lead through grief to gladness.

## CHAPTER XII.

## HABIT AND CHARACTER.

## HABIT MAKING.

Edwin and Emily Bartlett lived in the country. One day, their mother gave them each a root of flowering currant. Do you know the plant? It blossoms early in the spring time. The blossoms are small and have a most delicious fragrance.

Emily cared little for flowers, so she planted her root and left it to take care of itself.

Edwin watched over his carefully. He did not allow the ugly little shoots, that started up from the root, to grow. He pruned the branches that grew too long. He fastened the one stem, that he allowed to grow, to the door casing; he trained it to grow straight for a distance, then twined it about the window. At the end of a few years, it was a lovely vine, falling in graceful wreaths about the front of the cottage, filling the rooms with rare perfume.

And Emily's plant! What of that? It was not entirely unlovely. It had a sweet nature to begin with. It grew apace. It bore sweet blossoms in the spring time. But it was not a vine at all, just a rough, scraggy shrub. Its ugly

shoots grew out on every side, crowding out, in selfish fashion, more lovely flowers that wanted a chance to grow beside it. Edwin had begun to train his, when it was a little root, and now it will always be a lovely vine. Perhaps this story may help you to tell me why you should try to do right now, while you are children. Why not do as you please now, and wait till you are older before you begin to do right?

You must get into the habit of doing right, just as the flowering currant got into the habit of growing into graceful shapes.

Let me tell you just what habit means. When you do anything so often that you do it without an effort, almost without thinking, you have a habit of doing it. So you should try to do right, till you do right without an effort.

Habits that are very easily formed, are often very difficult to break. I have known children to stammer in talking for the fun of it, who thus formed the habit and were obliged to go stammering through life. They never succeeded in breaking the habit so easily formed.

I have read of a Russian prisoner, who was not allowed to speak. He grew so tired of never hearing his own voice, that he tried to hiccough. This his jailors could not forbid his doing, and he hiccoughed each day when he could no longer



endure the silence of his prison cell. He thus formed such a habit, that years after he was released, whenever he felt very lonely, he would hiccough for a quarter of an hour at a time. He did it without knowing it, and never broke himself of the habit.

I once knew a young lady who had a habit of biting her nails. She would bite them without knowing it till they would bleed. It was disgusting to herself and to her friends. She did not wish to do it. She suffered much pain as a result of it. Yet she did it constantly. She did it because she had formed the habit of doing it, and found it almost impossible to break the habit.

I wish you to remember that it is always possible to break a bad habit; so that no one should make the excuse for wrong-doing that he has such a habit that he can't help it. It is never *quite* impossible to break a bad habit, though often *almost* impossible. Nor can you feel sure that you will never do wrong in a certain way, because you have a habit of doing right, for it is always possible to break a good habit. You must try not only to form good habits, but to keep the good habits that you have.

The girl who bit her nails had to do it many times before the habit was formed. She could

have stopped very easily when she first began to do it. So it is with all habits.

When you do a wrong thing, for the first time, you feel the pain of it. But after you have done it many times, you do it unconsciously, although each time you hurt and mar your soul, as the girl hurt and marred her fingers.

I knew another girl, whose face was like a flower. I met her one day and said, "Why do you smile? What amuses you so much?"

Her face grew sober for a moment as she answered, "I am not amused at anything. I did not know I was smiling." She had felt bright and cheerful so much, that her face always wore a bright, pleased look.

Just so, if you try constantly, the habit of right-doing will grow, till you will do right without making any effort, and your soul will grow to be a beautiful soul, without spot or blemish.

#### CHARACTER BUILDING.

It will be a good many years before you are grown up; yet every time you do right, now, you help toward making yourselves good men and women, and every time you do wrong, you make it more difficult to do so.

If you try all the time to do right you will get into the habit of doing right; and when the habit

has grown so strong that it can not be easily changed you will have a good character; you yourselves will be good. I wish I could make you understand how very important it is, that you go to work to build up good characters right away. Now you have no habits that you can not easily break; and if you begin now you can make yourselves what you choose.

Suppose you were building a house and wished to make it good, and strong, and beautiful. Suppose that, when you began to lay the foundation, you were to put in worthless material, saying to yourself, that you hadn't yet begun the main part of the building, and so it did not matter; that after awhile you would use good material and make your building all that you wish it to be.

Do you know what you would have to do, if you really accomplished your purpose? You would have to tear down and take out every bit of the worthless material, and, replacing it with good, build all over again. If you could wait till you are older, before you begin to build your characters, it would be different; but you can not, you must begin now. In fact, you have already begun. Don't put any bad habits into the foundation, habits that you will have to tear out, by and by, if you really do grow up to be good men and women. Make the foundation as nearly

perfect as you can, and then, as you grow older, build in virtues and graces till your characters are good, and strong, and beautiful. There is nothing in the world so well worth having as a good character.

I wish, too, that I could make you understand what a dreadful thing it is to have a bad character, and how easy it is to build one. Your character is the only thing that you can really possess. Everything else you may lose; but your character is your very own, and, if it is a bad one, you are poor indeed. You do not need to try to be bad; just let yourself alone, and not try to be good, and the bad habits will grow, till you will find that you possess, what none wishes to have, a bad character. Bad habits that are so easy to get, are, "strong as iron bands," and as hard to break.

## THE CASTLE OF BAD HABITS

## PART I.

The pathway that leads to the Castle of Bad Habits is very beautiful. There are no rocks in the way, no steep hills to climb, no roughness to hurt tender feet. Instead, a gentle slope down which you may move without effort, scarcely knowing that you are advancing at all. The path is like velvet to the feet. Here and there are cool, shady lounging-places, where they who wish may stop to dream of good actions, of heroic deeds, which they hope to perform in the pleasant future. Brilliant flowers delight the eyes on every side. Beautiful fruits hang so low as to be easily plucked by smallest children. Sparkling fountains dance in the sunlight. Who would guess that this lovely pathway leads to the great, grim Castle of Bad Habits! The dark old castle can not be seen from the entrance, for the pathway is long and winding, and the castle itself is covered by many climbing vines.

Just at the entrance to the pathway, those who choose, may look back and see the Castle of Good Habits. It shows plainly, and the pathway that leads to it shows plainly, also. This castle is

bright with light, and very beautiful; but the way that leads to it looks rough, and steep, and difficult.

Who are those who enter the beautiful pathway that leads to the Castle of Bad Habits?

They are the youth of our land. Young men, full of life and health; strong, and glorying in their strength. Maidens, full of mirth and gayety; beautiful, and happy in their beauty. Little children full of fun and frolic; innocent, and joyful in their innocence. Babes, even, too young to enter themselves, brought hither by fond fathers and mothers who wish them to be happy, and imagine that they are giving them happiness. They all enter with joy and rejoicing the beautiful pathway that leads to the terrible old castle.

But does no one warn them? Does no one tell them whither the path leads? Some there are, who, in their very youth, are crowded, through rough byways, into the dungeons of the castle, having few pleasures by the way. Some have been led through the pleasant pathway knowing nothing of its dangers. Their parents have said, "Let them alone; boys will be boys!" Their friends have said, "What harm if they do enter the castle! They will find many pleasant companions there. So long as they never reach the dungeons, they are all right. We ourselves

live in the corridors and are not much the worse for it."

But the most of them have been warned again and again.

"Go not that way, my son, go not that way, my daughter; it leads to evil," entreats the mother. But they heed not. They see so many pleasant things by the way; how can it lead to evil?

## PART II.

Friends who are taking the way to the Castle of Good Habits, tell them that the path is not so difficult as it looks, and that each height climbed gives them strength to climb the next. They tell them of flowers of kindness, that they may give and receive; of trees of knowledge, whose fruits they may taste; of fountains of truth, whose pure waters they may drink.

Some of the happy ones listen, only to laugh.

Some of them say, "What care we for your flowers, and fruits, and fountains! They may be very fine, but it takes too much trouble to get them. We can have every good thing here, without climbing. We are happy; let us alone."

Others answer, "Wait till we are older. We are weak now; and this way is easy. By and by, when we are stronger, we will leave this

pleasant path, and try yours. We are young now; youth is the time for fun; let us alone."

Other friends, who have traveled far ahead of them, down the pathway they have chosen, call back to them, "Go back! Go back! Come not this way! We have come so far that we can not turn back. We can see the Castle of Bad Habits before us, and we would not enter; but the way is steep, and we can not turn back. You can retrace your steps. Make haste! Make haste!"

The gay throng heed not the cry. They laugh and say, "We are not afraid. We are not like you. We can turn back at any time we choose. When we see that we are getting too near the castle, we will turn back, but not yet." None mean ever to enter the castle, not one.

Many go gayly along, thinking of nothing but pleasure. Some go sullenly along, unhappy, miserable, but still determined to go on.

The gay ones gather the flowers and find them odorless; they eat of the fruits and find them tasteless; they drink of the fountains, and find them bitter. Still they go on.

### PART III.

Let me show you the castle itself. But enter carefully! Touch not that lovely vine, which covers the castle, hiding much of its ugliness.



'Tis beautiful to the eye, but its leaves are poison to the touch, its fruit poison to the taste. Pause, as you enter, and listen! You will hear the clank-clank-clanking of chains, for all are bound who dwell within these walls.

The first room is the Cell of Disobedience. Look at the faces within it. These are not the young, bright, beautiful faces that we saw at the entrance. No, for it takes many years before those who enter the pathway reach the castle, and all are past youth who enter here.



Let me tell you of this one, the man with the wicked face. When he was a little, innocent boy he began to disobey his parents. His parents laughed at it and said, "if you want Harry to do anything you must be sure to tell him to do just the opposite thing."

When he went to school he disobeyed his teacher. His teacher, who didn't know of the peculiar way in which the boy was managed at home, insisted that he should do as he was told.

This, Harry didn't like, and his parents didn't like it either. They couldn't see why a boy, who was seldom in trouble at home, should so often be in trouble at school. It must be the teacher's fault. So Harry was allowed to stay at home, or rather in the street. When he grew to be a man he had gotten such a habit of disobeying, that he disobeyed the laws, and now he is not only shut up in prison, but he is shut in by his own bad habits, and chained down by them, till there is little hope that he will ever be a good man.

Come, now, to the Cell of Untruthfulness. See the faces here! All have a cowardly look. All the eyes are cast down. They can not look you in the face. The owners of the eyes try to slink out of sight. How they long to get away from the Cell of Untruthfulness, out of the Castle of Bad Habits; but their chains bind them fast.

You do not see any chains? No, you can not see them, but they are as strong as bands of steel, although invisible. Those who dwell in this cell have spoken lies, till they know not how to speak truth.

Here is the Swearer's Cell! In it are those who began when little children to use vile language; and now—listen! they can scarcely speak

without a curse. You shudder at the horrible words that fall from their lips. Hasten on, hasten on, with closed ears; but beware how you enter the path they took.

Here is the Cell of Indolence. Look at the men and women within! They are dirty and ragged; but what care they? Their little children are crying to them in cold and hunger; but they heed them not. Their heads are heavy; their eyes are dull. They speak with a drawl; they are too lazy to speak distinctly. They shamble in their walk; they are too lazy to stand erect and walk briskly. They are weak and sickly; they are too lazy to take the exercise necessary for health. Many of them are criminals; too lazy to earn their own living, they steal from those more thrifty than themselves. When they were children they were lazy about their work, lazy about their study, and now look at them! Do they make a pleasant picture? All sorts of vices have grown out of their indolence. Be not like them.

Here is the Tobacco Cell. Younger men are here than anywhere else in all the great castle. Look at the pale faces, the trembling limbs, the shrunken bodies. The faces are sad to look upon. These are bound, bound hand and foot, with the habit so easily formed, so almost impos-

sible to break. Enter not the path that led them here.

Let us go on. There are many cells on every side, but I will show you only one more. This is the Alcohol Cell. No, 'tis not a cell, 'tis a dungeon. It is filled with men and women. What horrible sounds do we hear as we near it, what horrible faces do we see—bloodshot eyes, swollen, livid faces. These are the drunkards who will not keep from drink, though they know that the drink may make them abuse, beat, even murder, those whom they love best on earth. They began by drinking a little drink, that contained but little alcohol. Look at them now. They have neither the will nor the strength to break away from the habit, that is their curse. Beware how you enter the path that brought them here.

Let us leave now, quickly, for we have already seen too many dreadful things.

You ask if those who enter there can never leave? Yes; they have not strength of their own, but the kind Father in heaven will give them strength, if they will ask Him. With His help, a few do leave—but they are very few, and they must first break their chains; then, weary and sick at heart, must toil up the long path down which they came so gayly; and they can

never, so long as they live, get rid of the marks of the chains which bound them. How much better to start at first for the beautiful Castle of Good Habits!



## RULES FOR CONDUCT

I should try all the time to do right in all things.

If I try constantly to do right I shall form habits of right-doing. If I form habits of right-doing I shall grow to have a good character.

A good character will be of more value to me than everything else in the world.

### MOTTO.

Make for thyself a good character.

All things else thou mayest lose, but if thou hast for thy very own, God and a good character, thou art rich indeed.

Not even death can take them from thee.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## DUTIES TOWARD GOD.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE TOWARD GOD  
AS CREATOR AND FATHER.

At the dawning of the day Sydney's mamma took her way to the garden, there to watch the rising sun. The sky was brilliant with color. The air was soft, and cool, and sweet with the perfume of fruits and flowers. The music of birds and insects was all about her.

Presently, Sydney came into the garden. He skipped gayly down the garden walk. He watched the beautiful clouds. He listened to the songs of the birds. He gathered fruit from the trees, and roses from the bushes. He was so filled with happiness that he laughed gleefully. He sat down by his mother's side, and began to eat the fruit he had gathered.

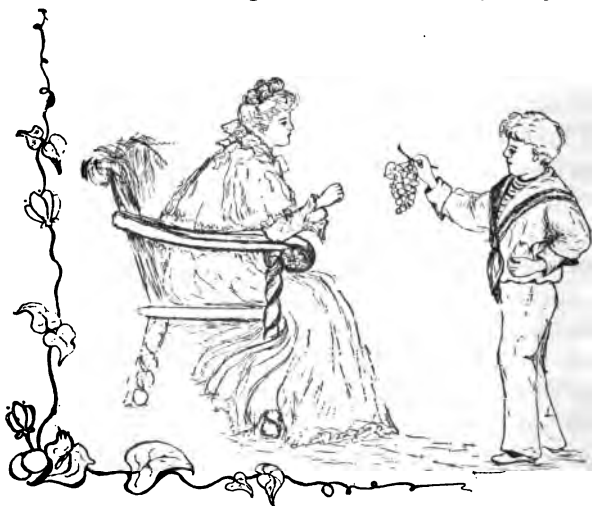
Just then, Sydney saw a beggar-child standing outside the garden gate, and looking into the garden, longingly. The happy boy inside the garden looked at the unhappy one outside, and his heart was filled with pity, his eyes with tears.

"May I give some of my fruit to the boy?" he asked.

"I think you may," said his mamma, "but, tell me first, to whom does the fruit belong?"

"It is my own," said Sydney. "Papa told me, last evening, just how much I might gather and eat, this morning."

"Then you may give some to the boy, if you



wish," said his mamma, "but, remember, you must do without the part you give away. You must not gather more to make up for it. It must be your own gift."

"Very well," cried Sydney, eagerly, "I will give him half;" and he quickly divided his fruit



into two equal parts and took one to the ragged beggar-boy. In a moment he was back, his cheeks flushed, his eyes flashing.

"The selfish fellow didn't once stop to say 'thank you,'" he cried angrily; "he just grabbed the fruit and ran away as fast as he could, stuffing it into his mouth as he ran."

"Did you give it to him for the sake of being thanked?" asked his mamma.

"No; of course not," said Sydney, "I gave it to him because I wanted him to have it; but I think he might have thanked me for it. He didn't even look at me; he just grabbed the fruit and ran off."

"He certainly ought to have thanked you, Sydney," said his mamma; "but are you sure that you never act as the beggar-boy did?"

"I am sure of it, mamma," cried Sydney. "Why! I wouldn't be so rude. Besides that, I love the people who do kind things for me so much, that I want to thank them. I thanked papa yesterday when he said I might have the fruit. I always thank Uncle George when he gives me presents, and every one else who is kind to me—I am sure I do."

"Listen to me for a moment, my son," said his mamma. "You were up very early this morning because you were so alive with glad

health and strength that you could sleep no longer.

"The dawning, too, was beautiful, and you hastened to enjoy it. You thought of the fruits and flowers in the garden, and you hastened to gather them.

"Who gave you your health? Who gave you the parents who care for you? Who made the flowers, and fields, and clouds, beautiful, to give you pleasure? Who made the birds with sweet music in their throats to fill you with joy? Can you tell me, Sydney?"

"Yes, mamma," said the boy, "it was God."

"Have you thanked Him, my boy, for all these gifts, and many more that I have not named?"

"No, mamma," said Sydney, in a low voice, "I didn't think of it."

"So," said his mamma, "you just 'grabbed' the pleasures, and did not think to be thankful. Don't you think that you should love the Giver of all these gifts so much that you would want to thank Him?"

I am sure that Sydney saw that he, too, had been ungrateful, as well as the poor boy to whom he had given the fruit.

You all ought to love God and to remember to be grateful to Him for His good gifts to you.

God made you and placed you in this beautiful world. He gave you parents and friends to care for you while you are little, helpless children. In the prayer which you repeat in the morning you call God "Our Father who art in heaven."

God is a kind Father to you. No matter how much your father and mother may love you, they can not love you as God does. Surely you ought to love God and be grateful to Him for all His kindness to you. You should thank Him each day for His kind care over you.

#### GOD'S HELP.

You will often find that it is very difficult to do right. Even when you are trying your best to do right you will fail again and again, but you must not be discouraged, you must keep right on trying. You are weak and can not do right in your own strength; but there is One who will give you strength if you ask Him.

God loves you, and because He loves you He wants you to do right. We know this, because He has given each of you a conscience that tells you what is right and what is wrong—that makes you happy when you do right and unhappy when you do wrong.

Sin is a very terrible thing. Your soul will live after your body dies, and every time you do a

wrong thing you injure your soul. If you ask God to forgive you for wrong-doing and help you to do right, He will do it.

Sometimes you try very hard to do right, and no one seems to notice it at all. You feel discouraged, and think that it is of no use to try. God looks right down into your heart and sees every time you try to do right.

He sees when you do wrong, too. Remember that, when you are tempted to do wrong, and you will fear to do it. Remember that God loves you, and wants you to do right, and that He knows every time you do right and every time you do wrong. When you have done wrong ask God to forgive you and to help you not to do wrong again.

SHOWING LOVE TO GOD BY BEING GOOD AND  
DOING GOOD.

There was once a great man who lived in a beautiful palace. He was rich and powerful. He was good, also, and loved to make every one happy.

There was a poor boy who lived near the great man's palace. The boy's parents died, and then he was not only poor—he was homeless and friendless.

The rich man learned about the boy and pitied him. And because he pitied him he had him clothed and fed and sent him to school.

The boy's heart was filled with gratitude, and he begged to be allowed to do something for the kind man who had done so much for him.

The great man said to him, "You can do nothing for me. I am rich and powerful and have need of nothing; but you can show your gratitude by doing what is best for yourself. Do right, study faithfully, be kind to every one you meet; make yourself as good and true and learned as you can. I will take whatever you make of yourself as a gift of gratitude to me."

When the boy was grown to manhood, and no longer needed schools and teachers, he went again to his benefactor and said, "I have done what I could for myself, for your sake. Now I am ready to serve you in any way that I can. I am grateful; I would prove my gratitude. What can I do?"

The great man answered again, "I am rich and powerful and have need of nothing. You may prove your gratitude by going out into the great world and taking your place in it; and whenever you meet with the poor, or the unhappy, or the wicked, do for them what you would do for me were I in their place."

When the young man went out into the world what do you think he did?

If you wish to show your gratitude to God you can do it just as this young man could do it. God does not need to have you do anything for Him, but you can show your gratitude by trying to be good yourself and doing good to others.

If you do all these things because you love God and want to show your love He will accept it. Make your own life as good and true as you can; do all that you can to make those about you good and happy, because by so doing you are making the best possible gift to God.

#### THE LESSONS LEARNED.

God made me and placed me in this beautiful world. He is my kind Father in heaven. He loves me and keeps me alive. I ought to love Him and to thank Him each day for all His goodness to me.

God loves me, and because He loves me He wants me to do right.

God sees my heart, and knows when I do right and when I do wrong.

This ought to make me love to do right and fear to do wrong.

My soul will live forever, and every time I do wrong I injure my soul.

I can not do right in my own strength; but if I ask God to help me He will do it. When I have done wrong I ought to ask God to forgive me.

I ought to show my love and gratitude to God by trying to do right, and by making myself as good and true as I can.

I ought to show it by doing all I can to make every one with whom I have anything to do good and happy. If I do so, God will accept what I do as a gift of gratitude to Him.



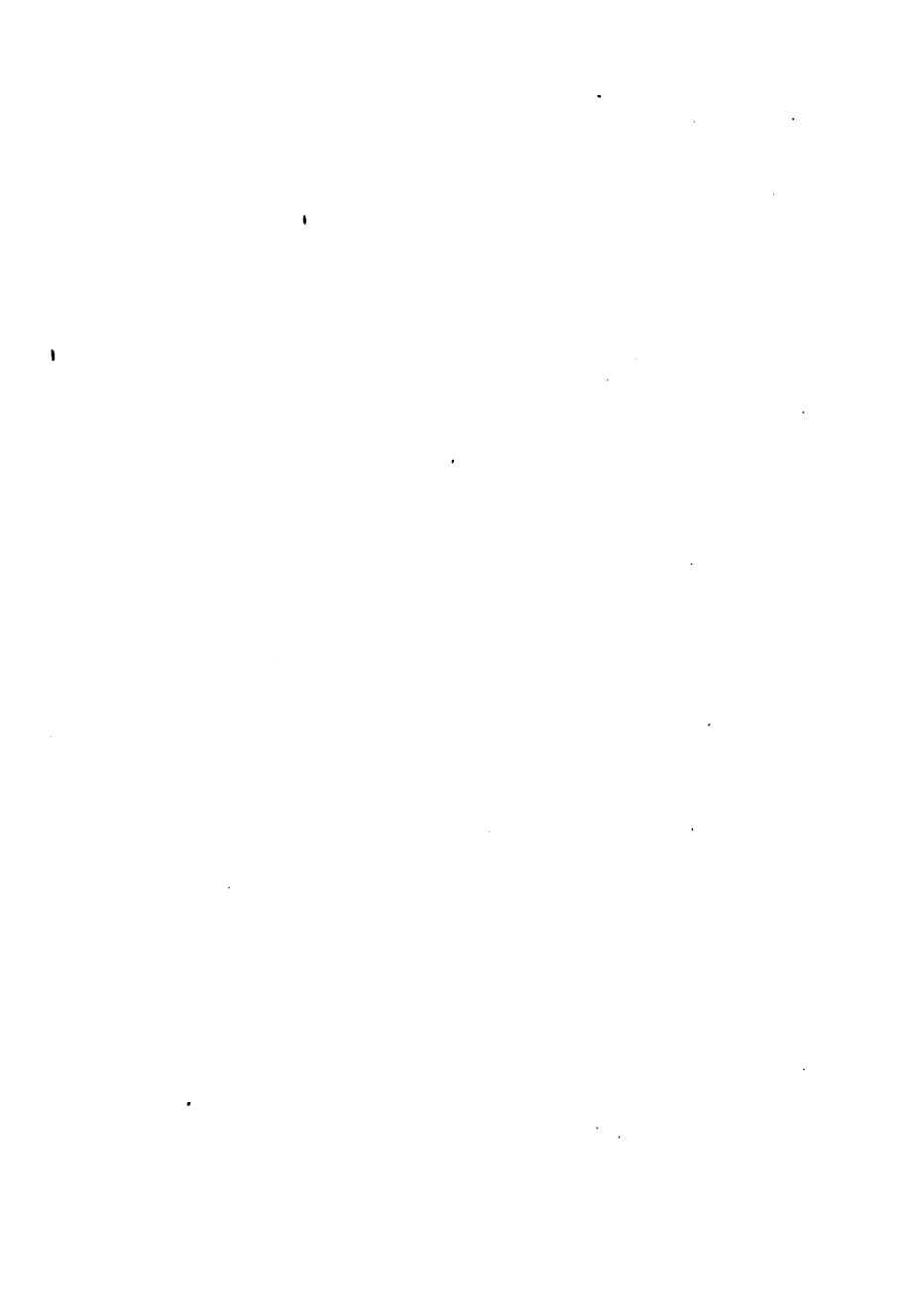
## RULES FOR CONDUCT

### MOTTO.

When I'm working; when I'm playing;  
When I'm silent, nothing saying;  
When I'm grave and when I'm gay;  
When I can not have my way;  
Happy I may ever be—  
For my Father cares for me.

God can look into my heart,  
Seeing its most secret part;  
I am weak to keep out wrong,  
But He'll help me to be strong;  
Sinful I should never be—  
For my Father cares for me.















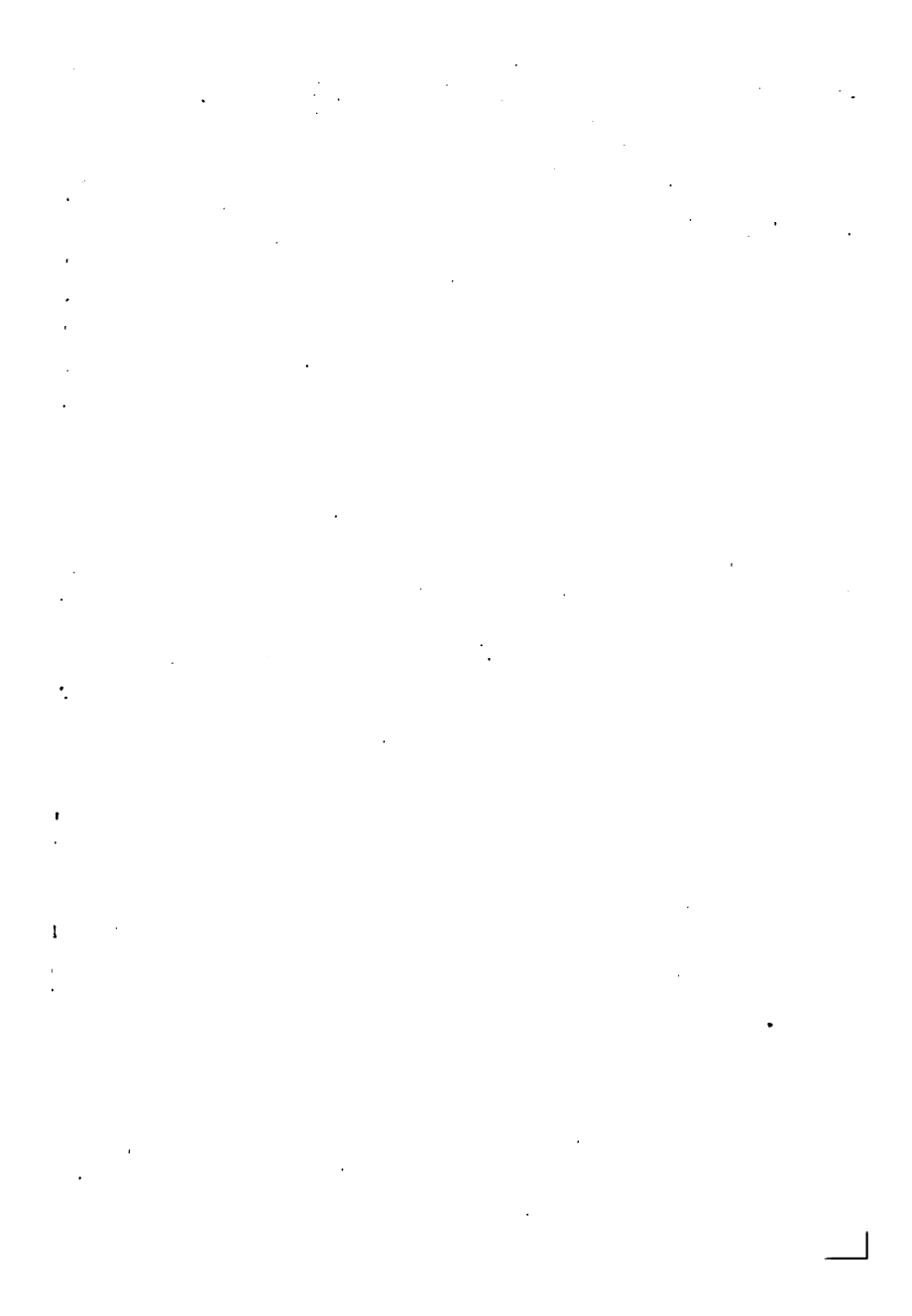












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Wm C. Morton